**PRISON FOR AMERICAN GENIUS . . . By Robert S. Lynd**

# THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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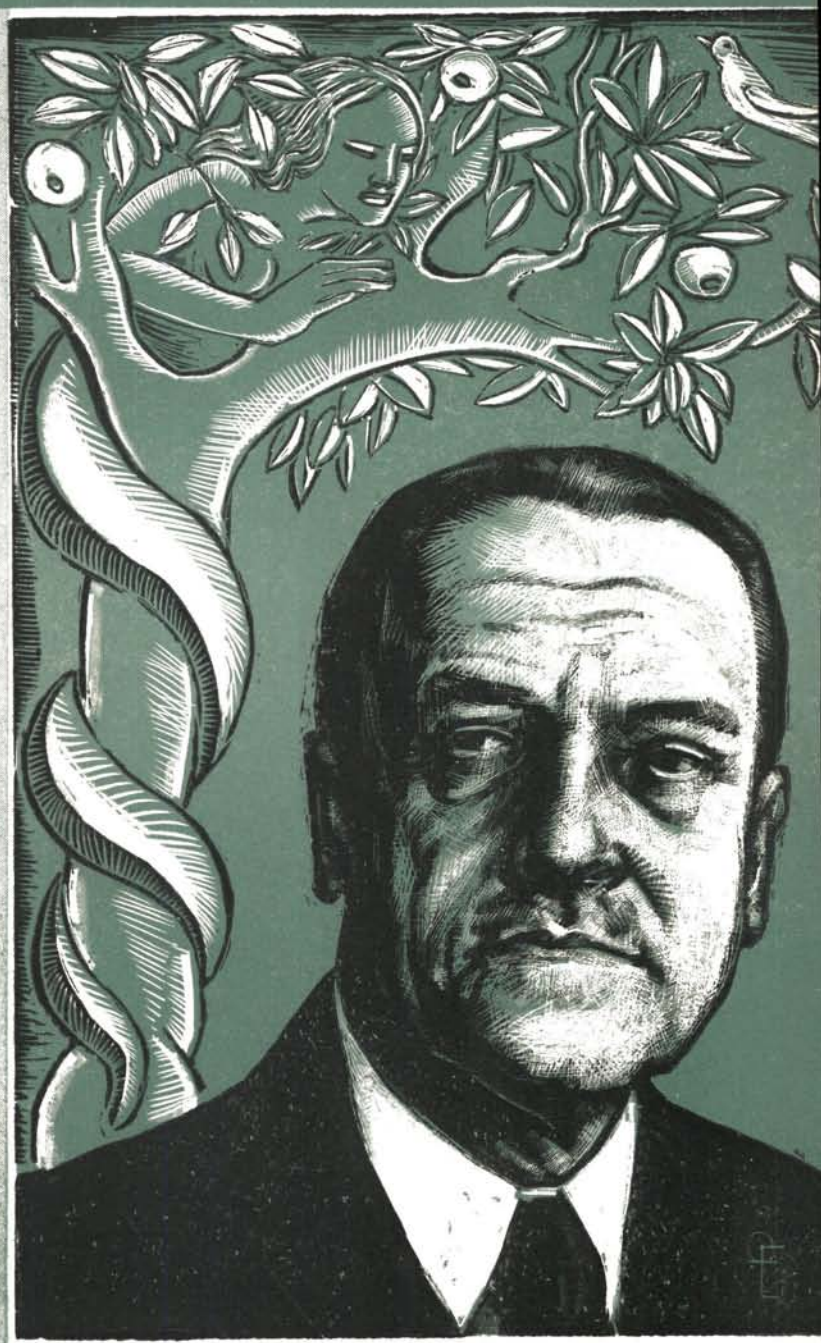

*—SRL Wood Engraving by Frances O'Brien Garfield*
Has W. Somerset Maugham left his innumerable readers up a tree? (See page 7)

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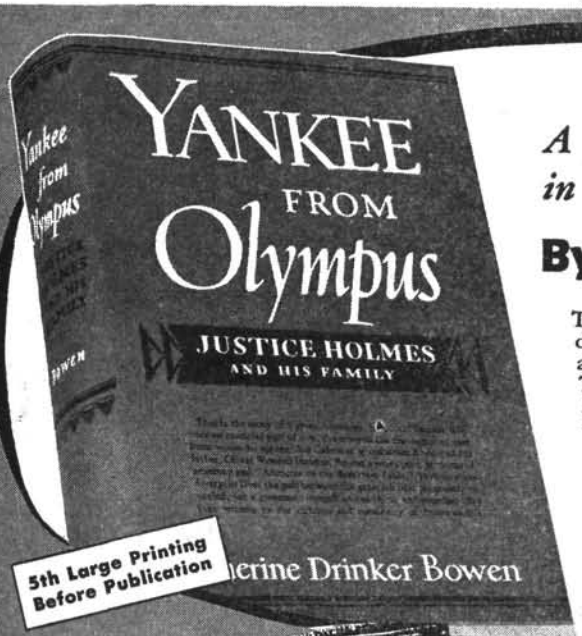


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*The Saturday Review of Literature*

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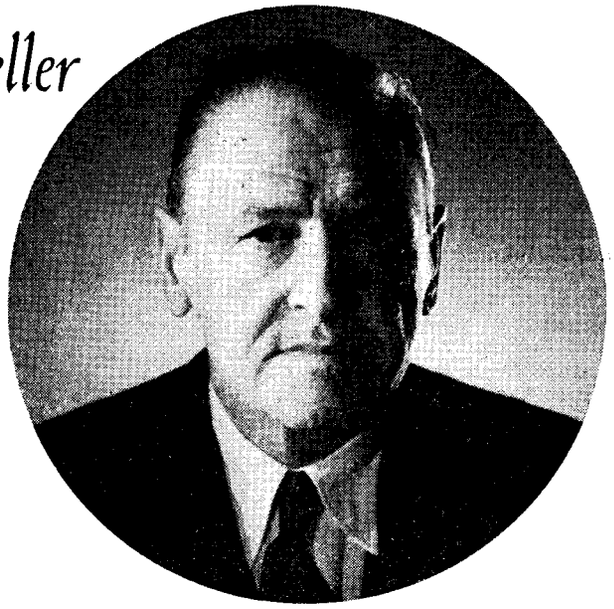

# W. SOMERSET Maugham

THE RAZOR'S EDGE begins and ends with a question. Yet strangely, it presents an answer, beautiful in its simplicity, to the ageless *Why?* in men's hearts. For the author who immortalized man's quest for simple happiness in *Of Human Bondage*—who portrayed so unforgettably the restless seeking of an artist in *The Moon and Sixpence*—has written a novel about a quest as thrilling as any in fiction, and infinitely stranger. It is the story of Larry Darrell, young American, who gave up home and country, wealth and the woman he loved, to search across continents for the answer to his question.

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# Prison for American Genius

## *"The Vast and Ugly Reality of Our Greatest Failure"*

ROBERT S. LYND

THE way to take the measure of a man or of a nation is to watch him or it in action attempting to cope with a serious problem. This is precisely what Dr. Myrdal does in a book which has just come off the press. Throughout this study * he constantly takes as his starting point "the ordinary [American] man's own ideas, doctrines, theories and mental constructs." What the Negro thinks and does and is, is viewed as "a distorted development of the general American culture," *i.e.*, of what we white Americans think and do and are. "The Negro problem is an integral part of, or a special phase of, the whole complex of problems in the larger American civilization. It cannot be treated in isolation." And accordingly the entire American culture is kept steadily within the focus of the study.

As a result, and regardless of whether you are interested in "the Negro problem," you will find this the most penetrating and important book on our contemporary American civilization that has been written. Here we Americans are revealed, clad in our patchwork "American way," attempting to live along with the vast and ugly reality of what Dr. Myrdal calls our "greatest failure," the Negro problem. The resulting analysis probes so deep and so surely that no one at all concerned with American democracy can afford to miss reading and pondering this book. And, lest its size deter you, let me say here at the outset that, if I were the publisher, I would confidentially offer to refund its price to anyone who finds one of the 1024 pages of its main text uninteresting.

It was a stroke of genius on the part of the late Dr. F. P. Keppel, of the Carnegie Corporation, to summon this brilliant and humane young social economist from Sweden to make a comprehensive study of the Negro in America. As Dr. Keppel says in his Foreword,

> There was no lack of competent scholars in the United States who were deeply interested in the problem and had already devoted themselves to its study, but the whole question had been for nearly a hundred years so charged with emotion that it appeared wise to seek as the responsible head of the undertaking someone who could approach the task with a fresh mind, uninfluenced by traditional attitudes or by earlier conclusions, and it was therefore decided to "import" a general director. . . . And since the emotional factor affects the Negroes no less than the whites, the search was limited to countries of high intellectual and scholarly standards but with no background or traditions of imperialism which might lessen the confidence of the Negroes in the United States as to the complete impartiality of the study and the validity of its findings.

The resulting choice could not have been bettered. Dr. Gunnar Myrdal is a professor in the University of Stockholm, economic adviser to the Swedish Government, and a member of the Swedish Senate. And the Carnegie Corporation was wise enough to turn this competent man loose "to find out for myself," as Dr. Myrdal remarks, "without any side glances as to what was politically desirable and expedient." The resulting study surely ranks close to the top among wise investments ever made by an American foundation.

**Gunnar Myrdal has made possible one of the wisest "investments ever made by an American foundation."**

Dr. Myrdal had the sustained cooperation of virtually every authority in the United States, both white and Negro, on the Negro. This means that, in a very real sense, the study is a joint product of all those people in the United States who care most about the intelligent solution of the Negro problem. Their 15,000 typewritten pages of detailed analysis supplemented Dr. Myrdal's own first-hand study and were in the end strained through the fine texture of his own extraordinarily perceptive mind.

"When the present investigator started his inquiry," says Dr. Myrdal, "his preconception was that it had to be focused on the Negro people and their peculiarities." But as the study progressed, "All our attempts to reach scientific explanations of why the Negroes are what they are and why they live as they do have regularly led to determinants on the white side of the race line. . . . The Negro's entire life . . . [is], in the main, to be considered as secondary to more primary pressures from the side of the dominant white majority." The "Negro problem," therefore, is found to be basically a moral problem within us white Americans:

> Though our study includes economic, social, and political race relations, at bottom our problem is the moral dilemma of the [white] American—the conflict between his moral valuations on various levels of consciousness and generality. The "American Dilemma," referred to in the title of this book, is the ever-raging conflict between, on the one hand, the valuations preserved on the general plane which we shall call the "American Creed," where the American thinks, talks, and acts under the influence of high national and Christian precepts, and, on the other hand, the valuations on specific planes of individual and group living, where personal and local interests; economic, social, and sexual jealousies; considerations of community prestige and conformity; group prejudice against particular persons or types of people; and all sorts of miscellaneous wants, impulses, and habits dominate his outlook.

"America, relative to all the other branches of Western civilization," says Dr. Myrdal, "is moralistic and 'moral-conscious.'" We tend to be "practical

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**AN AMERICAN DILEMMA: The Negro Problem and Modern Democracy. By Gunnar Myrdal with the assistance of Richard Sterner and Arnold Rose. New York: Harper & Bros. 1944. 2 vols. 1483 pp. $7.50.*



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idealists" who expect our ideals and our rational ideas to fit together. The American "has never developed that particular brand of tired mysticism and romanticism which finds delight in the inextricable confusion in the order of things and in ineffectuality of the human mind. He finds such leanings intellectually perverse." So it is this livid moral issue within us white Americans about which the book centers.

What "objective" American economist of standing would ever have had the courage and insight to approach the Negro problem so! An appendix at the end of Volume II develops forcefully the general problem of the importance of values as a methodological instrument in social science. This appendix is good medicine for American social science huddling away from all value hypotheses and judgments lest its precious "objectivity" become polluted by life; and it should be made required reading in all university social science departments. But in his text proper Dr. Myrdal waves timidity aside by saying simply:

> It is sometimes assumed to be the mark of "sound" research to disregard the fact that people are moral beings and that they are struggling for their conscience. In our view this is a bias and a blindness, dangerous to the possibility of enabling scientific study to arrive at true knowledge. Every social study must have its center in an investigation of people's conflicting valuations and their opportune beliefs.

Specifically as regards the Negro problem, "It is as a moral issue that this problem presents itself in the daily life of ordinary people." And, "There is a pragmatic common sense in people's ideas about themselves and their worries, which we cannot afford to miss when we start out to explore social reality."

Dr. Myrdal proceeds with the cool directness of a surgeon to lay bare this struggle within us and the fatty tissue of myth and rationalization that overlays it. He discusses our "beliefs with a purpose" about the Negro. "In solemn moments, Americans try to forget about the Negroes as about other worries. If this is not possible, they think in vague and irrational terms; in these terms the idea of the Negroes' biological inferiority is a nearly necessary rationalization." This circular argument about the Negroes' inferiority was pointed out by Bernard Shaw in "Man and Superman": ". . . the haughty American Nation . . . makes the Negro clean its boots and then proves the moral and physical inferiority of the Negro by the fact that he is a shoeblack." Dr. Myrdal stresses the flagrant opportunism of our thinking about the Negro. "This mental training of the Southerner, which makes him shift between principles according to momentary change or stimulus, spreads from the Negro problem to other issues. The Negro problem is unique only in intensity." Nor does the Northerner come off

**"Blind Sister Mary," from the painting by William Edward Scott.**

much better, for it is true of the North as well as of the South that, "When talking about the Negro problem, everybody—not only the intellectual liberals—is anxious to locate race prejudice outside himself." "The social paradox in the North is exactly this, that almost everybody is against discrimination in general but, at the same time, almost everybody is against discrimination in his own personal affairs." The statement quoted from a Milwaukee manufacturer will ring true in the experience of many of us Northerners: "Negroes here should be in the South. They should never have come to Milwaukee, for by so doing they have created a social problem for the city." To all such evasive tactics Dr. Myrdal comments:

> The white Northerner can feel that the Negroes ought to be in the South. The white urban worker can likewise feel that the Negroes should be in the country, and the white farmer that they should not compete for the land. An individual employer or a local trade union may bar Negroes from a particular shop and claim that the Negroes should be somewhere else. But on a national scale there is no "somewhere else." . . . A definite policy becomes a necessity.

In a penetrating section on "Relationships Between Lower Class Groups," the author discusses the relation of the Negro to other underprivileged groups. The Marxian assumption of solidarity among all lower class groups in the face of pressure from the upper-middle and upper classes falls to the ground. He cites a Swedish proverb: "When the feed-box is empty the horses will bite each other." "Our hypothesis is that in a society where there are broad social classes and, in addition, more minute distinctions and splits in the lower strata, the lower class groups will, to a great extent, take care of keeping each other subdued, thus relieving, to that extent, the higher classes of this otherwise painful task necessary to the monopolization of the power and the advantages." And, he concludes, "The Marxian solidarity between the toilers of all the earth will, indeed, have a long way to go as far as concerns solidarity of the poor white Americans with the toiling Negro. This is particularly true of the South but true also of the communities of the North where the Negroes are numerous and competing with the whites for employment." In fact "—the Negro's friend—or the one who is least unfriendly—is still rather the upper class of white people, the people with economic and social security who are truly a 'noncompeting group'."

In comparison with other "racial" minorities—the Jews, for example—Dr. Myrdal points out the poignant fact that "The Negro genius is imprisoned in the Negro problem." The Negro leader is forced to live among Negroes and, willy-nilly, to play the role of a "race man" concerning himself with *Negro* problems. "Even women in modern times do not have their souls so pressed into one single narrow furrow of human interests by the tyrannic expectancy of society, although the women's lot in this, as in many other respects, offers the nearest analogy."

Dr. Myrdal's prognosis is one of guarded optimism. His preface sums this up as follows:

> If this book gives a more complete record than is up to now available of American shortcomings in this field, I hope, however, that it also accounts more completely for the mutability in relations, the hope for great improvements in the near future and, particularly, the dominant role of ideals in the social dynamics of America. When looking back over the long manuscript, one main conclusion—which should be stressed here since it cannot be reiterated through the whole book—is this: that not since Reconstruction has there been more reason to anticipate fundamental changes in American race relations, changes which will involve a development toward the American ideals.

On his own thesis of the dependence of the Negro problem on the general



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situation in white American culture, optimism about "great improvement [in the Negro problem] in the near future" must rest heavily upon optimism regarding the turn things will take in the United States after the war. Can this larger optimism be sustained? In a section of the book entitled "Is the South Fascist?" Dr. Myrdal answers this question in the negative. But the dynamo of potential American fascism, in so far as there is such a thing, is in the monopoly industrial centers of the North. To be sure, "Fundamentally the white Southerner is . . . even more of an individualist and more of a romantic than the Northerner." But if American fascism comes, it will come in the name of the "American way," including "individualism," and its propaganda and pageantry will make handy use of all our romantic susceptibilities. The "mutability in relations" in the United States, to which Dr. Myrdal looks hopefully, is closer to the flux of indecision due to unresolved ambivalence all through our American life than it is to the effective adaptability of a strong, integrated nation that knows itself; and as such our American readiness for change is wide open to exploitation by an authoritative leader-group that smooths out, however speciously, our vast American ambivalence and insecurity.

Dr. Myrdal discusses with great penetration "the American pattern of individual leadership and mass passivity." "If an ordinary American faces a situation which he recognizes as a 'problem' without having any specific views as to how to 'solve' it, he tends to resort to two general recommendations: one, traditionally, is 'education'; the other is 'leadership'." Both these American solutions are accepted and, in the main, applied uncritically by us Americans. "There is no spontaneous mass desire for knowledge as a means of achieving power and independence." And

> The idea and reality of leadership is not an object for much reflection in America; indeed, it is almost not part of conscious knowledge. There is no popular theory to explain it or justify it. It is not a fortified and preached ideology like the American Creed. Not only the unsophisticated common citizens but also the social scientists have observed these facts without much questioning or evaluation. The patterns of leadership and followership simply exist as things which are a matter of course. They have not yet been detected to be important problems.

Dr. Myrdal notes our tendency to be "hero-worshippers"—I would add: our rather indiscriminate worship of cheap heroes. Along with this goes the "bandwagon" vicarious quality about our

(*Continued on page* 27)

# *The Imperturbable Mr. Maugham*

HARRISON SMITH

IT can be taken for granted that the greatest technician and stylist living today, and perhaps the most creative talent in the field of the English novel, is W. Somerset Maugham. Most of the middle generation or let us say, abjectly, the older generation of American readers who were brought up in their adolescence in the great tradition of the English novel and in English literary liberalism, under the torrent of novels of H. G. Wells, the plays and their prefaces of Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett's novel of the Five Towns, Galsworthy—and how many other British writers—owe a great part of their emotional and literary education to Mr. Maugham. These were the writers who bred and nourished the creative minds in this country who gave us the literature of the twenties, Sinclair Lewis who named his first child Wells, as a sign of his indebtedness, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Wolfe, Fitzgerald, Bromfield, etc.—the men who built the foundations of the American novel as we know it today.

If the fourteenth edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" (1929) is a proper guide, Somerset Maugham is now seventy years old and was educated in King's School in Canterbury, Heidelberg, and St. Thomas's Hospital. His first novel was "Liza of Lambeth" (1897) with which your critic is unhappily not familiar and which the bookstores knoweth not. During the succeeding forty-seven years he has published thirteen novels, seven volumes of short stories, six books of travel, and has had produced nineteen plays. It has not been Mr. Maugham's task to give us social reform, to teach us new ideas about marriage or politics; it has been his function to be the recorder of society as he saw it through all these years, to become a master craftsman in the English language, to know the men and women in the middle and upper classes in which he alone was interested, to have learned how to tell a story dramatically, poignantly, to have discovered where the sources of his drama of his own countrymen and women lay. In that collection of his tales, "The East and the West," published, as Doubleday, Doran states so clearly in its title page in MCMXLI, (really) there are twenty-two novels and fifteen of his plays listed. The titles of most of these books are so familiar to all of us that there is no use in reciting them—the stage, the movies, and the radio have made them the property of our generation.

But we are now concerned with Mr. Maugham's latest novel "The Razor's Edge." How can one review a book with this prodigious ancestry and say that this is a good novel or a bad one, or that it fails in its purpose, or that the author's powers have slackened through the years like the muscles of an aging athlete? Well, one might certainly say that they have not slackened since Mr. Maugham can still, in a single page, make magic of a restaurant's menu or the look in a woman's eyes. Your reviewer is incapable of surveying "The Razor's Edge" as if it existed in space only by itself and had not been prefaced by about half a century of increasingly perfect craftsmanship. It is thus the theme alone that is intriguing. Shortly after the First World War Mr. Maugham, who writes in the first person, as if he were simply and coldly recording what went on before his eyes and nose, met and dined with a wealthy family in Chicago. (Note Chicago, the Englishman's conception of the apotheosis of American crassness.) At this dinner party Mr. Maugham meets a young girl trembling between adolescence and sophistication; a young, athletic male, and a hearty rich girl who loved him. The young man refuses to work and by this sensible resolve is losing the privilege of marrying the heiress. Why does he behave in this odd manner? Because he wants to find out what life is all about. The idiot keeps asking himself why, when everybody of sense knows that if you continue to ask why, you will eventually end up in the booby-hatch, or in becoming a Yoga in the Himalayas, if you have money enough to get there. This handsome young man who might have

**THE RAZOR'S EDGE. By W. Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 348 pp. $2.50.*



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played basketball for Harvard, or have slid downhill on the seat of his pants for Dartmouth, just wouldn't go to work. Instead he sailed for Paris and studies (What?) for a decade. The healthily glandular and wealthy girl comes over with her top-hat family to seduce this noble lad, rope him, or in any other licit or illicit manner, lead him into marriage. Nothing doing! He skips off to India and into the inevitable Himalayas, returns to sleep with primitive French women, agricultural females, or artists' models, an indulgence which Mr. Maugham has permitted him to prove his virility to the reader, who by this time might think that he wasn't worth any girl's time.

Comes into the picture the trembling debutante, now a hell-roaring, debauched what-not. The noble and lean (and how appealing) young Yoga, back from India with mysterious powers, wants to save her from the horrid fate of alcoholism and its attendant sexual evils which she is obviously thoroughly enjoying. This Dartmouth or Harvard jackass would have undoubtedly have married her if his Chicago Clytemnestra had not left her alone for half an hour with a bottle of hundred proof Polish cordial. The result is too obvious for serious contemplation; obvious also that Mr. Maugham conceives that man's approach to the stars is eternally guarded and blocked by female acquisitiveness and eroticism. So far can man go, he seems to say in his book, and no further. Unless women can be persuaded, cudgelled, or manslaughtered into letting him alone.

But this is making something of a farce of Mr. Maugham's theme and it is completely leaving out the unbelievable pages in which he proves his knowledge of Europe (France and the Riviera), in the twenties and thirties, also one of his most appealing characters, an elderly *bon vivant* and cynic, half male and half female, who profits by all the egregious errors of the well-heeled European-American society. A marvelous picture, that man, with the wisdom of Satan, the archtype of the traveled, wealthy, knowing American or English pervert, who was not uncommon before this, our own and latest, war.

Granted the fantastic element in the theme of Mr. Maugham's newest novel, and granted that deliberately it has been made absurd for (I believe) his own purposes. Are we to suppose that Mr. Maugham is saying this, and for the first time in this novel is venturing beyond the realm of behaviorism into the political world in which we are so entangled today? Are we to suppose that the young hero who continues to ask why? why? is a symbol of an America that will refuse to be content with any British Circe? That the natural woman who will commit murder for his sake or the erotic woman who dies because of him, represent in some strange allegory the drama that is our poor fate to have to enact?

If Mr. Maugham had no such idea (and it is terrible to live in a world when writers are compelled to have political ideas or allegories) then what on earth was Mr. Maugham up to in writing "The Razor's Edge?" Composing several hundreds of pages of good prose? He can't help doing that anyway. Mercilessly portraying men's and women's (and especially women's) motives? That is duck soup to Mr. Maugham even when he is writing in his sleep. After all these years

of skilled writing, he seems to have deliberately left his innumerable readers up a tree, and in this novel the great story teller and accomplished dramatist abandons his Dartmouth-Harvard Yogi in the hinterlands of America, where he may become an automobile mechanic squatting by some gas station, but within him the seeds of world revolt purged of the female devils who might have destroyed him.

I believe that "The Razor's Edge" will be enthusiastically and politely received. No one else could have written it except Mr. Maugham with that superb and contemptuous arrogance that is displayed by the skilled matador. He has, this devout admirer of his believes, put into this novel more than he cared to say today. In his next book is it too much to ask that he will use all of his knowledge of men and women and of Europe and of the white empires he has seen decay and will tell us admiring Americans in what he thinks we may believe and in what we may hope? Only rarely does a Nestor have a great audience to which he may speak. Yours, Mr. Maugham, is illimitable, if you choose to take off your British veils, forget your world weariness, your knowledge of too many decades that have passed, of too many masters dead, and tell us straightforward and right into our teeth what you think of us and of your own country. Did you in this book try to say that Americans are fools (your hero)? Or did you mean that only the American fool can save society? Well, tell us!

Other writers have had their passions and have vanished with the turn of the political or social wheel, have fought for justice in one decade and have won their case and have been silenced, or have bled for a cause and have been vanquished, like Mr. Wells whose prophecies have come true, except our eventual war with the Martians to which we may still happily look forward. One after the other, his contemporaries have been silenced, by death, or because, having reached the top of their ladders, have fallen off, since they had nowhere else to go.

Somerset Maugham thus is a special case. He has become the citizen of the world who knows everything. Always the recorder, he has studied cynically and coldly our society for almost five decades. It would be impossible, one presumes, to startle him with any manifestation of human behavior, with any form of adultery, or murder by stiletto or pearl-handled revolver, provided that the assault, the drama, was among the middle or upper class and was not emotional or bloody mahem among the proletariat. Read his popular Ashenden secret service novels. That middle-class British agent in the Middle East who must regard all other peoples and even the descendants of Pericles as his inferiors. Read his stories (we are in this essay completely neglecting him as a dramatist) of the Far East, especially of Malaya. In all those innumerable stories there is no kind of feeling for the oriental millions who were supporting these white men, not even so much as Kipling shows in "Gunga Din."

But that, as we have said, is not Mr. Maugham's job. Granted that the lower classes, social revolution, the brotherhood of man, were none of his business, then one might ask what was his business? Plenty! Enough for a dozen writers whom he has outlived. He has become the man whom no praise can stir since he has had so many decades of applause. He has attended so many ceremonial dinners in his honor and could have had so many medals if he had chosen to take them that it must have become boring to contemplate the tired aquiescence in his own clever eyes. "The master, here he comes," everyone must say.

But what will Mr. Maugham have to say of the year 1944 or of 1950 if he happily will live so long?



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# *Strictly Personal . . .*

A COUPLE of years ago there was a great to-do about John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down." Some said—oddly enough most of these were liberals—that the Germans weren't human beings, and that John Steinbeck had done the cause of intelligence great harm by implying that one or two of them were. Others said this was nonsense—Look at Bach! Look at Goethe! Look at Wagner! Look at . . . but you know.

No one said, that of course the Germans were human . . . they couldn't be anything else . . . but they were human with a difference.

You can look it up in the dictionary. Man is one of the Higher Primates, and the rest are the apes. And it's obvious that no man or woman can be an ape, hard as some of them try. But it should also be obvious by now that although the Germans are human, ninety-nine out of a hundred, if that isn't being too liberal, are human beings who subscribe to the German doctrine that war not only is the highest of man's endeavors but also a most profitable business.

As for myself, I learned this truth about Germans when I was very young, and I learned it in a curious way, and I learned it from one of the finest men—a German—I have ever met. The only German to whom I ever completely lost my heart. A tall, beautifully built, black-haired, gray-eyed South German, a member of one of the greatest families in Germany. A Catholic family so great that when, years afterwards, Hitler came into power, the Nazis, from what I heard, did not dare touch this friend of mine. Up until the march into Poland at least, and I heard this from eye witnesses, one of my friend's favorite diversions was to push a Nazi in a corner at some party, and look down upon him from his great height, and twit him about his politics.

From this friend of mine I learned at an early age that of course the Germans are human They "suckle their young." They "bleed if you prick 'em." But I learned something else; a most necessary and urgent truth.

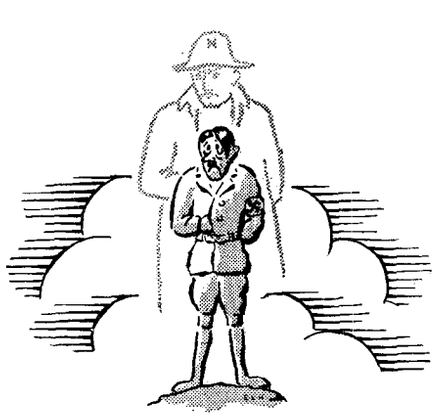
He was an extraordinary man this friend of mine—gentle, smiling, humorous, democratic, and of an entire simplicity. He spoke excellent English, having gone to Oxford, and he had been about the world a great deal, and hadn't a trace of the almost inevitable German ignorance and obstinacy about other people. Even then he was—and let this be noted—a Christian Socialist; not an ordinary socialist, but a Christian Socialist. But at the same time—and let this be even more noted—he was an officer in a uhlan regiment.

During the last war he ended up with every decoration his government could give him, and was military-governor of Warsaw after the Germans took it.

AN inconspicuous, poorer than usual student I was lucky to meet him, but meet him I did, and we liked each other at once. We used to go on long walks on the outskirts of the city, taking a little train, and getting off when we came to the mountains, and walking up and up through the lovely, sun-dappled beech woods. Suddenly we would stop to listen to some distant bell-like cuckoo. And then we would come down at dusk, and have supper in a village inn—thin delicious ham, and long rolls, thick with golden butter, and radishes, and beer. Or often we would just sit in a cafe beside a lake, and all afternoon, and into the evening, discuss everything in the world, and the sad, crazy king who had loved music, and who, all about, had built fantastic castles, and who had been drowned.

But there was one thing we couldn't discuss, not with understanding, and that was war, and when winter came again, we resumed our campaign against the ducks.

You see, it was this way. The ducks lived—a lot of them—in the various ponds of the Englischer Garten in the middle of the city. Big ducks and little ducks; old ducks and young ducks; Mandarin ducks and other kinds of ducks; and they led on the whole a very contented and over-fed and insolent life. When they walked they looked like some of the older and plumper officers in the guard-regiments, buttoned up to the neck in long tight-fitting army coats. Here and there around the shores of the ponds were bushes so you could creep up on the ducks, and there were also, of course, many trees.



But one had to be careful, although one was with the son of the most important man in the country, for there were park police and everywhere signs that said "Verboten." "Verboten"—just in a general sort of way.

What we were doing was clearly and sternly "verboten," had anybody seen us. So we had to keep a weather-eye out for the police as if we had guerillas to the rear. For such occasions, my friend always wore mufti, and as that was all I wore anyway, I suppose if the ducks had caught us they would have hung us for spies, for what we were doing was to conduct long, elaborate, carefully worked out military enterprises against the ducks. There was plenty of staff work, and it was all very serious, and we took cover, and we advanced inch by inch; and we enfiladed, and cut communications, and did everything else that we should. Our weapons were snowballs, and we saved these to the last.

Rime hung on the bushes and the bare branches of the Englischer Garten, and it was very beautiful and cold, and all afternoon we solemnly campaigned against the ducks.

I was always a little ashamed and self-conscious, and I was terribly afraid of the police. I thought it would be more sensible if my friend and I would campaign against each other. But he was very serious about it. "It is excellent practice," he said, and I kept wondering for what. It seemed a pity to disturb the ducks, insolent as their small round eyes were. The winter before, I had hardly met my friend when he proposed one of these walks.

"We shall go out next Tuesday. No? What? It will be very interesting. You shall see."

It was interesting, and as the years went by I realized more and more just how interesting it was. I realized also what having "a preoccupation" meant, and what is meant by "being conditioned." I realized that lots of people are entirely human until you come to the hard, inhuman substratum of their principal preoccupation. And that, finally, is what we have to deal with—and deal with it we must.

You see, my friend and myself weren't boys, we were grown men. And we might have killed some of those ducks—it was just by chance we didn't. And whatever else you can say about them, they were waddling, peaceable innocent folk, minding their own business.

STRUTHERS BURT.

*"Strictly Personal" next week will be conducted by Paul Henry Lang.*



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# America's "Security Situation" Tomorrow

*THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE PEACE. By Nicolas John Spykman. Edited by Helen R. Nichol. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 1944. 61 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HANS W. WEIGERT

"THE Geography of the Peace" is a posthumous postscriptum to Spykman's "America's Strategy in World Politics," published in 1942 and one of those rare books which, by the force and brilliance of its ideas and by the audacity with which it proclaimed the principles of what its author considered the geopolitics of the United States, transformed actually the political thinking of a good many people. Isaiah Bowman, President of Johns Hopkins University, considered its public value so highly that he wrote it should be read in a million American homes. "Every government official responsible for policy should read it once a year," he added in a slightly optimistic appraisal of the reading habits of government officials and of the general reader.

Spykman's book left indeed a noticeable impact on a group of readers whose opinions on foreign affairs are reflected in the political actions of the nation. In Washington, the voluminous treatise was a bestseller; at Yale it fascinated the students, and in Charlottesville, Spykman's lectures had a deep effect on the thinking of Army officers undergoing a thorough training in the field of international relations and geography.

But there were others who, while they were thankful for Spykman's violent strokes against the myth of American isolation in a shrinking and interrelated world, regarded this "American Haushofer" as dangerous because his balance-of-power creed failed to take cognizance of the human elements and the moral intangibles which are as important in world politics as are the geographic tangibles. These critics saw in Spykman's writings an attempt to undermine the efforts to build an international organization which would transcend the phase of nationalism and imperialism.

We cannot well appraise "The Geography of the Peace" without comparing it with Spykman's main work. For the new story, of about 30,000 words, and illustrated by maps by J. Smiley, is in spite (or because) of its sweeping claims so general that it can not be appreciated except as a footnote to "America's Strategy." Based on a lecture which Spykman delivered in the fall of 1942 and on his notes and maps, the book was edited by Spykman's research assistant, Helen R. Nichol, and published, as his political testament, by the Institute of International Studies at Yale University. Its director, F. S. Dunn, wrote an introductory statement which approves enthusiastically of Spykman's line of thought. It provides, he claims, "clear guides to action for those who are charged with the making of our foreign policy."

The book is concerned with America's "security situation" in the postwar world. Spykman views it in geographic terms which should give directions to our statesmen. Geography, he once said, does not argue; it simply is. Unfortunately, a geography that becomes geopolitics, does argue. Here are Spykman's main arguments: The struggle for power has brought certain areas into prominence, while others have been pushed into temporary oblivion. It is not Halford Mackinder's Heartland that defines the pivotal regions in world politics. Decisive are the "rimlands." "The Mackinder dictum . . . is wrong"; "who controls the rimland, rules Eurasia; who controls Eurasia, rules the destinies of the world." Consequently, the coöperation of British, Russian, United States land and sea power will control the European littoral and, thereby, the essential power relations of the world. The Arctic Ocean as a great transit zone of the future does not fit into Spykman's picture; he launches heavy attacks on Vilhjalmur Stefansson and the advocates of a "northward course." Since this war is pictured as a conflict over the rimland littorals of Europe and Asia, our objective must be to prevent the domination of these rimlands by a single power "whose principles and ideals are opposed to the whole course of Western civilization."

—*Cargill in* The New Orleans Times-Picayune.
**The Road Back**

How can this objective be reached? Spykman's guide to action does not promise lasting peace; however, we can "*at least postpone*" (ital. mine) "the recurrence of conditions which might force us into a Third World War to preserve our security." To appreciate Spykman's recipies for the postponement of the next world war, we must subscribe to two basic assumptions: 1) the main power of the U. S. S. R. is west of the Urals; (2) China's power lies mostly in her coastal regions. If we, as indeed we have to, look ahead, assumption (1) seems to be at least debatable, while assumption (2) seems to me definitely false.

Thus standing on waving ground, Spykman claims that mere alliances with Great Britain and the Soviet Union are not enough to establish American power in the pivotal regions. We must lease land. For our own safety we must acquire bases in the transatlantic zone, in Greenland, Iceland, Dakar, and we must establish island bases in the Pacific such as will "probably be sufficient to counterbalance any future attempt of China to dominate the Far East completely." With American military power closely supervising the dangerspots on earth, we can truly avoid the threat of the establishment of a hegemony in Europe and Asia. The Soviet Union, Great Britain, and the United States, none of which can afford to stand alone and isolated against the rest of the world, can and must guarantee the balance of power on the Eurasian continent.

Germany's and Japan's active role in the post-war balance of power scheme is not clearly discernible in the book. But there is nothing to indicate that its viewpoint differs from what its author expressed candidly in "America's Strategy." "The continued existence of a powerful Germany was to serve as counterweight to the U. S. S. R. (here Spykman neglected the demographic trends in the world at large which show the population of the Soviet Union in vigorous growth against a stagnant and eventually declining Germany, the "folk without youth"). As to Japan, Spykman advised against eliminating her military strength completely. She, too, was a pillar in his cardhouse to balance the power of China and the Soviet Union.

Spykman is clear and forceful when he points to geography and its impacts as long neglected factors in American foreign policy. When it comes to mapping his own geopolitical strategy, Spykman's conclusions are in striking contrast to the official pronouncements of this country's foreign policy. His is a disillusioned submission to the old balance of power game, played so tragically wrong by Great Britain after

(*Continued on page* 31)



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# The Heroic Cauldron

*BALKAN JOURNAL. An Unofficial Observer in Greece. By Laird Archer. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1944. 254 pp. $3.50.*

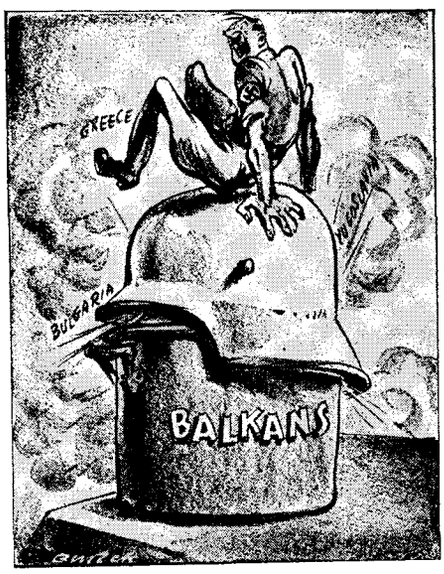
Reviewed by STEPHEN BONSAL

THIS journal of Mr. Archer describes in modest terms (perhaps humble would be the more appropriate word) his work among the Balkan peoples during a period of more than twenty years. In his introduction Mr. Harry Scherman describes the volume as the story of good-will imperialism in the Near East, a descriptive phrase which in my judgment cannot be improved upon. Much of the good work which Mr. Archer and his colleagues accomplished has been swept away by the march of the Prussian Huns and once again the Peninsula lies in blackened ruins much as it was after what we used to call, in the last century, the Asiatic terror had passed. But let us be fair or at least try to be; Abdul Hamid, the Great Assassin, and Akmet Aga, the inhuman beast who perpetrated the Bulgarian atrocities, were pikers and indeed milksops in comparison with the soldiers of Hitler who have swept over the unfortunate regions that extend from the Danube to the Dardannelles. But in face of the disaster, Mr. Archer is of good courage. He is ready to rebuild—more power to him!

Before the Nazi deluge, Mr. Archer had served for many years as the resident director of the Near East Foundation. As in Robert College, the benefaction of a New York merchant, where the sons of the Balkans were introduced to the humanities, he founded schools where modern agriculture and afforestation were taught. And what a need there was for this practical teaching! Outside of the recesses of the Rhodopian mountains, the vandals who passed with fire and sword had hardly left a tree standing. And agriculture? Mr. Archer had at least the advantage of starting from scratch. I recall the plow I saw in Tirana where later he founded for the uplift of the Albanians his most successful farm school. It was a replica of the hard wood implement which is or was preserved in the museum of Pompeii until recently as a relic of the First Century.

There is a paragraph in the Journal which should have warned the world of the disaster that was impending, but like so many warnings as we now know, it was ignored. Mr. Archer notes that in 1937 the "British are only taking five percent of Greek tobacco; France no longer takes our wines to 'cut' with the Bordeaux product, and American tariff barriers are helping to push the Balkan countries into the Hitler abyss." Not a lurid incident, but it should not be forgotten when the day of accounting and settlement comes, when it comes as come it must.

Mr. Archer is not a maker of phrases. He does not display his wares with anything like showmanship, but when he comes to the scenes of the invasion and the rally for national defense, his simple prose, in my judgment, cannot be improved upon. After




—*Burck in* The Chicago Times
**Hot Seat**

all, as a very great man said, "An honest tale speeds best when plainly told." You see by lightning flashes the stalwart Greeks driving the Italians with cold steel. And you see the end when, starving and practically without modern weapons, they yield to German guns, to German equipment, but not to German soldiers.

The Journal contains an incident that will surprise many old Balkan "hands" as it did the present writer. One of the first of the officers of rank in the Greek Army to fall was a Colonel Mordichai Triezi, a member of the large community of Spanish Jews who came to Salonica five hundred years ago and are generally regarded as having lived all these years as "strangers in a strange land." When the citation that was due this gallant soldier was conferred upon his widow, she said:

> The Jewish community is honored by being privileged to give the first life in the ranks of Greece for the cause of liberty and civilization. His gallantry will serve as an example not only to the present but to the generation to come.

It would take pages to describe even briefly the gallant attempt the British Tommies and the Bluejackets made in their hopeless struggle against the invading flood, but there is one that should not be omitted. On April 7 (1941) Athens and above all the ports of Peiraeus were heavily bombarded by the pirates of the air. Lying in the harbor, a munition ship, laden with explosives, was set on fire, and the port and the surrounding shipping was in imminent danger. A British destroyer came alongside and saved the city and the shipping by towing the fire ship outside the breakwater. But once there, the explosion came, and of both ships there were only to be seen black fragments on the water. Of the gallant men of the destroyer none survived, but Peiraeus was saved and also the sinews for continuing resistance. Mr. Archer says, "The Greeks will never forget the sacrifice of those British bluejackets." And indeed they should not be forgotten in Hellas or indeed anywhere else in the civilized world of the United Nations.

While among the official class in some quarters courage flagged and even treachery was noted, the Greek peasants showed heroism that ranks with the courage of the men who died at Marathon. One hundred and fifty of them volunteered to delay the advance of the Germans as they came to the Struma River and so gain a few precious hours. Mr. Archer relates: "They partook of the last communion and they sent back this message: 'We are resolved to die, but we will show the Germans what being a Free Greek means.'" And that they did; they held the horde for four hours—and none came back.

After enduring the German Occupation for three months, Mr. Archer, who has travelled so widely through the Balkans on foot, in ox carts, on mule back, leaves by the magic carpet for the still free world. And he brings a message to America from the venerable Archbishop, a sturdy fighter for Hellas whom with crippling wounds but unflagging spirit he saw for the last time in the Evangelismos hospital. "Tell your people that Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has placed in the hands of America the Sword of Freedom and the Light of the Future." A heavy responsibility—but a great opportunity!

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These twelve writers have won awards in the second series of Regional Writing Fellowships granted by the University of Minnesota: Herbert Krause, Skulda V. Baner, Margaret Ann Hubbard, Louis Towley, Feike Feikema, John Drury, Alma S. Scott, Philip D. Jordan, Thorstina Jackson Walters, Laurence E. Schmeckebier, Meridel Le Seuer, and Clara W. Nelson.



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# *Pageant of American History via Cartoons*

*A CENTURY OF POLITICAL CARTOONS. By Allan Nevins and Frank Weitenkampf. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1944. 190 *pp.*, 100 *Illustrations.* $3.50.

IT would be difficult to find a more entertaining way to look back on the history of the United States than this book provides. It begins with the work of an unknown artist in 1800 who attacks Jefferson for his sympathy with the French Revolution at a time when American party politics were swayed by the continuing wars between France and England. It ends a century later with a silk-hatted old plutocrat, the Republican Party, stealing the clothes, labeled "tariff reform," and "trust legislation," of a stout gladiator swimming in the "Democratic Issue Pond." The intervening years are illustrated by cartoons selected by Frank Weitenkampf, for a long time Curator of Prints at the New York Public Library, and by a lucid and interesting text by Allan Nevins, one of the best of our younger historians. Most of the engravings and drawings are weighty blows, with an occasional rapier thrust of wit and malice, directed against the leaders and the political beliefs of the prodigious nineteenth century.

It is obvious that until Thomas Nast appeared late in the sixties, followed by two almost equally great masters of political satire, Bernhard Gillam and Joseph Keppler, cartoons were weakly conceived, or crudely drawn and lacking in a central idea, the deadly and identifying symbol, like Nast's Boss Tweed with a moneybag for a head, President Harrison submerged under the huge hat of his famous ancestor, the lanky blue-nosed hypocrite who came to represent prohibition, the capitalist's huge paunch, or Roosevelt's big stick. Many of the earlier cartoonists borrowed heavily from French and English sources.

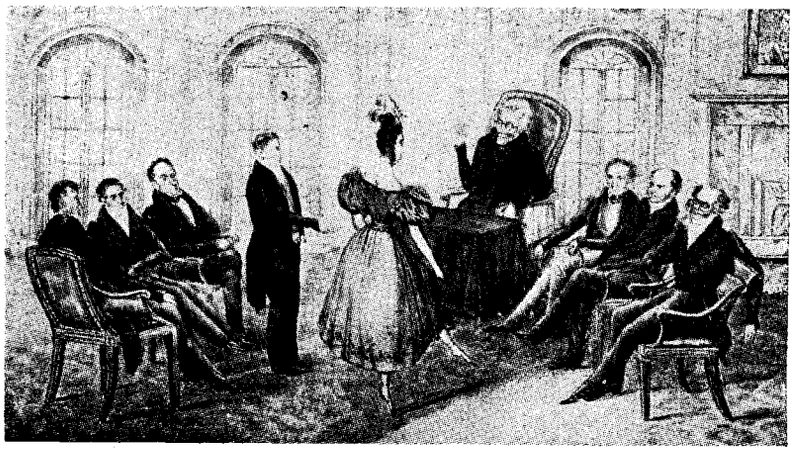
The political cartoon was first driven out of the lithographs of Currier and Ives and other publishers into the politically conscious weekly magazines, *Puck, Judge, Leslie's* and *Harper's Weekly* and others, and then found its final home, after thirty years of intense life, in the newspapers. At the turn of the century it was becoming standardized and was losing its vigor, and today it is almost submerged in the flood of "comics," so that this book records its rise to greatness as an art and leaves it at its height. Here are all the great economic and political disputes of a hundred years, the difficulties of Adams and Jefferson with the instability of the Republic and with another war with England, the long and bitter struggle of the Northern states against the increase of slavery in the Western territories, the frank jingoism of the Mexican and the Spanish wars.

All through the last thirty years surveyed in this history the rise of American nationalism and complacent spread-eagleism is apparent as the nation grew aware of its immense resources and its industrial power. That the United States did not become a gigantic and menacing imperialist plutocracy may be in part due to the cumulative effect of the genius of these cartoonists.

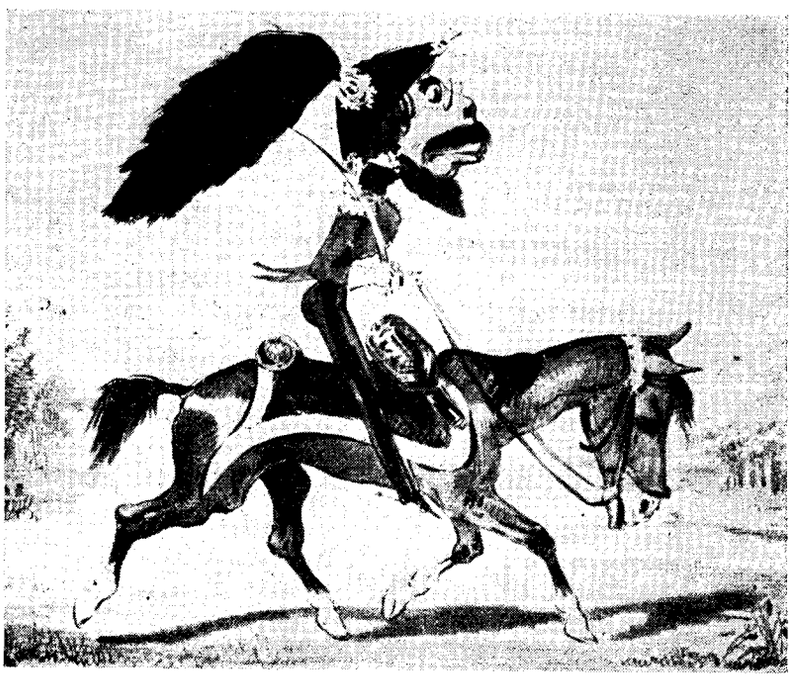
H. S.

**1800** Jefferson accused of sympathy with French despotism during the Revolution.

**1834** Henry Clay stops Jackson's attack on the Senate in a conflict over executive power.



**1834** Jackson appoints the husband of Peggy O'Neil, daughter of an innkeeper, as Secretary of War. To the ladies of Washington she was socially impossible, since she was the daughter of an innkeeper.



**1846** Santa Ana, President of Mexico, surveys, pop-eyed with astonishment, the invading American army under Zachary Taylor. Mexican military leaders thought they could beat the cowardly "gringos."



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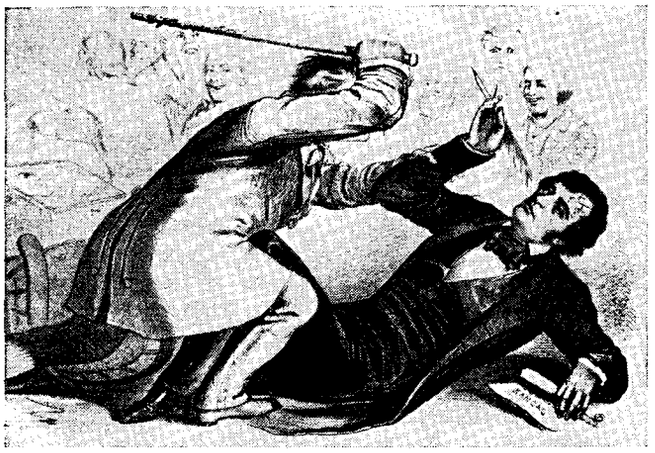
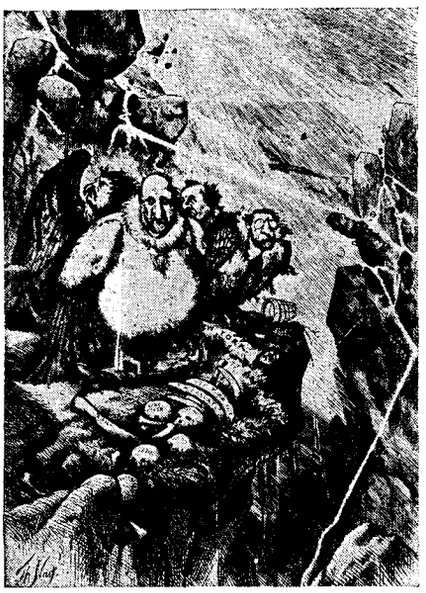


**1856** Sumner of Massachusetts assaulted in the Senate by a Southerner at the height of the Kansas controversy. It took him three years to recover. [*Currier & Ives*]

**1864** Thomas Nast attacks the Democratic Convention of '64 for defeatism and its desire to end the Civil War by compromise with the South. [*Harper's Weekly*]



**1871** One of Nast's most famous cartoons against Boss Tweed and his greedy gang. [*Harper's Weekly*]

**1880** The full flood of European immigration was becoming a political issue. Keppler shows the world pouring into America's open doors, including a lone Chinese. Later cartoons fought bitterly for Chinese exclusion. [*Puck*]

**1898** A bewildered McKinley surveys the responsibilities of Empire during the Spanish War. The soap box was a symbol of the new dependencies that the defeat of Spain might give to us. [*The Bee*]

**1900** In Opper's cartoons for Hearst, McKinley's administration was dominated by the Trusts. [*Judge*]



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# Green Light for the Age of Miracles

*YOUR WORLD TOMORROW. By Donald G. Cooley and the Editors of Mechanix Illustrated Magazine. New York: Essential Books. Distributed by Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 1944 *pp.* $2.50.

*MIRACLES AHEAD. Better Living in the Postwar World. By Norman V. Carlisle and Frank B. Latham. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1944. 252 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

THE war has telescoped years into months with the result that inventions that seemed far off before Pearl Harbor are already at work. All are old in principle. Some have not yet reached full fruition, though they have been introduced. High-octane gasoline leaves no doubt that the design of the automobile will be radically changed. But what will be the appearance of the automobile and what will it cost? Prefabricated housing has made more progress during the five years of war than in the two preceding decades. What will be the design of the factory-built house that we will buy ten years hence, and how will it affect housekeeping? Neither an ordinary radio nor a special television set is at present generally available. But the laboratories have been at work with the result that both forms have been greatly improved. What, then, will be the place of radio and television in the post-war world? Out of the bomber of the last war came the long-distance passenger-carrying plane of today; out of the much larger army transport and bomber of this war will come the giant liner of the future. How much will it cost to spend a week-end in London and what will be the effect of international aviation on ocean travel? Every day new discoveries are being made about nutrition. Besides we have dehydration and other food-preserving processes. Will there be a revolution in cooking? Electronics is performing miracles in the factory, in the air, and on the fighting front. New senses have been given to the factory worker and the housewife. What will be the influence on industry and home life?

Half a dozen books have appeared in the last two years in which this recent technological progress is reviewed. The latest two are before us now. They follow the trend of these predecessors. That is, they view what has been accomplished with admiration. The God of the Machine is in his heaven and all's well with the world.

Though Mr. Cooley and his associates, in "Your World Tomorrow," have let their imaginations soar they do their best to keep their feet on the ground. That is, they have commendably restricted themselves to realities. Firms are mentioned that have declared their intention of prefabricating houses, designing automobiles of wondrous speed and low cost, giving us better and cheaper foods, and elevating the plastics to a new position in our economy. So we have a latter-day Jules Verne prediction based on enough fact to carry conviction.

In this world-to-be your automobile will be streamlined; it will burn high-octane gasoline and cost much less than its pre-war ancestor. It will be composed of light metals and plastics.

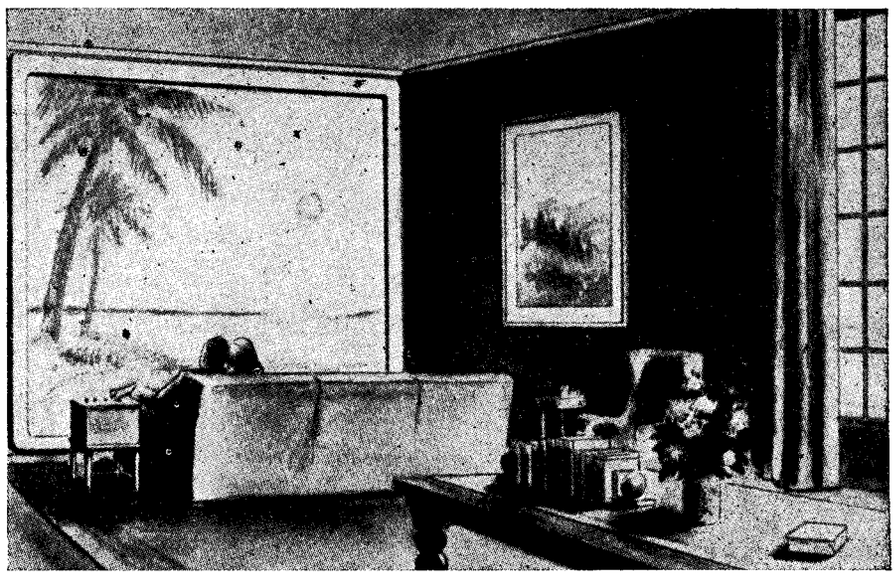
Of course prefabricated homes will be erected on leased land and moved to a new site like the furniture when the lease expires. Cooley *et al.* show the more important designs, together with their plastic and glass interiors. Cooking is all but automatic, with electronic control. Ultra-violet bacterial lamps sterilize dishes. Garbage is electrically ground and flushed down the drain. Dishes are washed by machines. Freezing cabinets keep food for months. Electric bulbs are displaced by fluorescent lamps. Over the fireplace is a television screen of more than pocket-handkerchief size. Sound films will make it unnecessary to spend much time at the movies.

As usual the helicopter is pictured as the family flivver. The air is full of giant air liners and gliders hauled in trains, so that you can be whisked at low cost to any part of the world.

People will be healthier because of the achievements of chemists and medicos. Apparently we shall live cheaply and well on processed foods. Clothing will be made out of soybeans, milk, cream, and even the gases of the air.

In "Miracles Ahead," Carlisle and Latham also marvel at what has happened, and survey in a style that makes no demands of the intellect the accomplishments in housing, lighting, air-conditioning, heating, automobile and aviation engineering, television, synthetic chemistry, metals, substitutes for this and that, nutrition, medicine, and the generation of power. Nothing seems to have been overlooked. For thoroughness Carlisle and Latham are to be commended.

The "miracles ahead" are presented in an enthusiastic and utopian vein, after the fashion of the early H. G. Wells. Dwellings are to be delivered on large trucks, much as grand pianos are now, and assembled on a rented site like building blocks. Apartment houses will be mere exterior shells, with rooms prefabricated to suit the lessor's taste. Instead of electric light in which filaments glow we shall have fluorescent little suns in glass. Furnaces will be smokeless and cities therefore clean. Sound-proofing will shut out the rumble of the street. Heat will be radiated from wall panels. Furniture will be mostly of the built-in type. Cars will be of light metal and plastics, with engines in the rear, so as to give a full view of the road. Cost? A fraction of what we pay now. Some of the cars will also have wings so that they can transport their three passengers through the air if need be. Of course there will be helicopter flivvers, and of course we shall speed through the air at low cost in giant airliners, so that we can spend a week-end in London or a vacation in the South Seas or the Himalayas. Farmers will use jeeps. Manu-



*—From "Your World Tomorrow."*

**Television in the home of tomorrow will be the size of a mural and will be shown in full color.**



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facturing and housekeeping will be revolutionized by electronic devices which will do what eyes and hands can never do, with an immense saving in labor both in the factory and the kitchen. Synthetic chemistry will enrich us with hundreds of products that nature forgot to make. The farm will raise not only food but the raw material of a new chemical industry.

There is no doubt that some day we shall have all that these various authors predict. Indeed we have much now in embryo. But the road is strewn with sharp economic stones. Automobile engineers are doing their best to tell us that the plastic car has its faults, that new engines will have to be made to consume high-octane gasoline, and that their industry is not yet ready for a revolution. Experts in electronics fear that the public will expect too much of them. The prefabricated house is much older than this war, and the labor unions will do all in their power to stay its introduction. The synthetic rubber industry is not sure that natural rubber will be crowded out of the market and wonders what will become of the enormous government-built plants that they now manage.

There is no doubt that the wartime achievements of technology will leave their impress and that the world will not be quite the same as it was. But exactly what will the social effect be? Here we must reckon with the need for adaptation. When we substitute synthetic for natural rubber we do not change habits, but when we throw a handful of dehydrated vegetables into hot water to make soup we do something about solving the servant problem. The elevator gave us the multi-storied apartment house and thus played its part in lowering the birth rate. Possibly the cheap prefabricated house, which can be picked up and moved to another location, may raise that rate. In other words, the triumphs of engineering and chemistry must be socially appraised in terms of the need for adaptation.

Of all this there is scarcely more than a hint in these books. We have, then, a summary of what the inventors have done under the pressure of war—a complete and useful popular summary written in newspaper style. A good sociologist ought to take the rich material gathered by their authors and show us what it means in the world of tomorrow.

# Empire on the Ruins of the Maginot Line?

*THE FRENCH COLONIES: Past and Future. By Jacques Stern. New York: Didier. Maps, statistical survey, appendix, index.* 1944. 331 *pp.* $3.

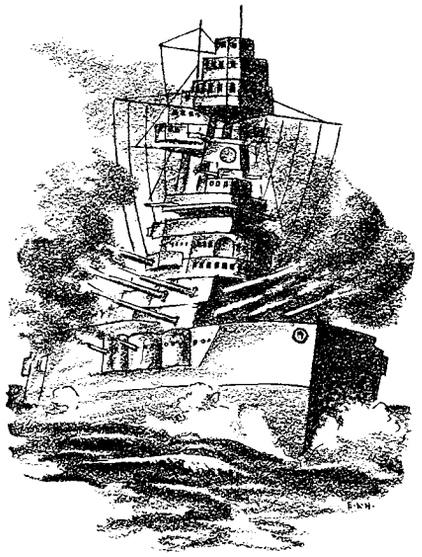
Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

M. STERN, writing with the authority of a Sorbonne scholar and former Minister of Colonies, has sketched the epic story of French imperialism. The English-speaking world probably knows all too little, and understands less, of this magnificent, exciting tale. M. Stern tells it with the ardor and persuasiveness of a man who believes in his nation's manifest destiny. But he is also more than a shade worried: what seems to motivate this book is a French fear that the French Empire may not survive intact the defeat of 1940 and the coming post-war settlement.

Mr. Stern begins with a caustic attack on Wendell Willkie's championship of a new deal for all colonial subjects. What galls the Frenchman is the American's apparent feeling that the matter is immediate and urgent. M. Stern is for freedom, too, as the British are in India; but all in good time, according to different colonial needs and within the framework of the French Empire. He turns to the record to prove his country's long, distinguished experience in imperialism.

"In the noblest sense of the term" French colonization traces back almost a thousand years—to Norman galleys venturing down the Atlantic rim of Africa, to Crusaders carving a kingdom in the Levant, to explorers and missionaries wandering from Louisiana's bayous to Cambodia's ancient temples. As M. Stern stages it, in vivid, sharply condensed scenes, it is indeed a pageant of "glory."

There were two great periods of French empire-building. Crafty Cardinal Richelieu and shrewd Minister Colbert inspired the first, the period of the *compagnies,* shaped by monopolistic, mercantilist policies, by a hope to propagate the Christian faith and also rake in profits of eighty-seven per cent. Doughty French *voyageurs* and priests went up the rough St. Lawrence and down the broad Mississippi. In India there was the fabulous Dupleix. In the Middle East, from Egypt to the Persian Shah's palace, the influence of France and the king at Versailles grew steadily. Then came the wars with the British, and the eighteenth-century defeat that cost Canada, Louisiana, and all but a remnant in India.



The second empire represents a remarkable French comeback in the nineteenth century's imperialist race. From North America the sons of Richelieu and Colbert turned to North Africa and the equatorial lands below. From India they jumped to Indo-China. Here and there they picked up Madagascar and sundry lesser islands in the Indian and Pacific Oceans. Victory in World War I brought in Syria, Lebanon, and other mandates. This overseas empire of more than 60,000,000 was the work of grand designers: Bugeaud the African, Lyautey, Galliéni, Faidherbe, Jules Ferry. M. Stern believes that these men will be remembered above everything for their belief in the principle of "no distinction between the French and the natives."

M. Stern has an understandable tendency to emphasize France's intention to bring "order, freedom, honest finance, railroads, public works and hygiene" into her colonial territories; he dwells only briefly on France's economic gains. Perhaps as much for lack of space as for other reasons, he tends to dismiss the pre-colonial history of the subject peoples as primitive and oppressed; for example, one wishes that he might have done more than describe the situation in restive Syria and Lebanon as "complex."

The unity of the Allies, says M. Stern, is dependent on "the principle of the indissolubility of the British Commonwealth and of respect for the French Empire." The security of Europe needs a "strong" France, and France can be strong only with colonies to "supply the necessary economic resources." The goal of the world "is to multiply such organisms as the British and French Empires, which are real Leagues of Nations in embryo."

It is a high place M. Stern envisages for his country. He expects her to fill it with a high sense of duty: to rid the colonies of "pauperism," grant them French citizenship, and groom them not for quick, "suicidal" independence but for "gradual autonomy."



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The Saturday Review
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## KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON

PERHAPS the advice which follows is unnecessary since *Saturday Review* readers are noted for their intelligence. Yet a word in time may save nine remorses afterward. In books, in magazines, on the radio, in editorials, in the choice of news for featuring in the newspapers, every sensational statement on public affairs for the next six months will be concocted, colored, or caused by the approaching Presidential election. Look for wish fulfilment of the politically minded in the discussion of everything from juvenile morality and the black market, to news from the Pacific and the propaganda of the O.W.I. Please remember that, for six months, every citizen with access to publicity will be in a more or less subdued delirium, and that what he says or reports others as saying will be no more representative of such balance and judgment as he may possess, than a diatribe from a fever patient with a temperature of 104°.

A South Carolina editor implies that South Carolina may have to secede from the Democratic party and perhaps the Union, and a South Carolina senator defies the Supreme Court. You would never guess that the admission of Negroes to the primaries in that state had been soberly discussed and strongly backed by influential Democrats in that state long before the Supreme Court acted. The editor and the senator are not really as violent as they sound. There is a different kind of nigger in their woodpile, and it is November of 1944, not white supremacy, which accounts for the pistol shooting.

A Washington columnist attacks the flak-flecked O.W.I. for its propaganda material sent to Australia. He knows perfectly well the importance of propaganda—knows, for example, that what may be most effective in getting the good will and coöperation of the Antipodes may sound trivial and childish if reprinted at home. In fact, he slips in an obscure sentence to defend himself against a charge of asininity if anyone thinks it worthwhile to bring it. Yet his article is so constructed as to leave the hasty reader the impression that the O.W.I. has halted our Pacific military operations in order to get through information about baby's milk and the nature of a New England town meeting. Is this sheer malice? Not at all. The writer was looking for mudballs useful at election time, and makes his own mud.

But this fever of overemphasis and political mendacity is the disease of no particular party. Expect it from one side as much as the other. Do not fire reproaches until you see the whites of their eyes, which will prove nine times out of ten to be the eyeballs of politicians shooting over your innocent head at whatever votes there are in the vicinity.

Note how in literary circles the controversy over Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit" has been given a definite political slant, as if that book were an argument for social equality of the races, instead of a study of a tragic situation, with no hint of propaganda except to suggest that the economic ills of the South have been responsible for many a lynching, an economic fact upon which all but politicians needing support from aroused prejudices would readily agree.

Suspect for the next few months all violent statement. Suspect all news and opinion which seem to indicate that the country is going to the dogs, that we are incompetent to make a peace, that our racial, social, and political problems are beyond our solving, that the United States after the war must either dominate the world, or roll up in a blanket and close its eyes. This is still a country of courage, energy, and widespread common sense. It is doing well in the war. It will do well in the peace, even if the millenium is still a thousand years away. The dangers that confront us as a nation are not comparable to the perils of the decade of the 1850's. It was the politicians then, and the extremists, and the crackpots which, as much as political and economic disunion, brought on a war which was far more disastrous to property and life than anything that has happened so far or that is likely to happen—a war from which we recovered into greatness.

Be from Missouri, my countrymen. Keep your hearts hot but your brains cool. Every kind of rag is going to be waved before this election is over and called a flag to save the country. Names that have not yet been thought of are going to be applied to every neck stretched out in the public service. Charges now being formulated will be made upon evidence that in political peace times would be seen to be ridiculously inadequate. Many true things will be uttered not because they are true but because they will damage the enemy. The ship of state will be torpedoed, depth-bombed, dive-bombed, sabotaged, and called a dozen times a hulk with a pirate crew. But it's going to float a long while yet.

Let the heathen rage, says the Bible. It is not difficult for the sensible man to deal with the crank who is now circularizing the voters, urging the resignation of the President, the appointment of Senator Nye in his place, and the reorganization of the country along the lines of Washington's Farewell Address (which he has never read) in recognition of the fact that the Axis powers have shown us only good will! But more subtle manifestations of the delirium of a Presidential election are not so easy to detect. Keep your shirts on while you read. H. S. C.

---

# Paul Draper Dances in Santa Barbara

**By Sara Kolb Danner**

O BUT you played with us as a cat with a mouse
No one stirred, no one coughed, no one started to drowse,
You were the antennae of thought in that packed house.
The hollowed cheeks, the lean body's panther grace
Dancing a pattern as intricate as lace,
Articulate bones spinning in infinite space.
Hands all quiet, then vermilion flashes
Of heat, leaping flame then the crumbled dust of ashes
Mute as a stone, then insistent as cymbal crashes.
You are eternal, constant, the nymph and the faun
The Apache in all small boys—now here—now gone
Strong as the tide, evanescent as dew on a lawn.
Fluid as water or the flaring strokes in the sky
Lightning poised to strike as it zigzags by
And then the applause like thunder adding its cry.
Nijinsky the cat, Pavlowa the swan and now lithe and tall
With curvilinear rhythm you parry them all,
Draper, the fencing master whose surname is Paul.



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## Darryl Zanuck Answers Elmer Rice

SIR: Intemperate and reckless criticism is such an easy luxury. It requires little objective consideration, less thought and a minimum of that prosaic business of checking and weighing facts. The results are invariably surefire—a satisfyingly resounding statement which is certain to attract attention.

It is such a luxury which Elmer Rice affords himself in the sweeping and gratuitous indictment of the motion picture industry incorporated in his review of Ben Hecht's book, "A Guide for the Bedevilled," which appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature* of March 25.

The industry, I am quite sure, will survive this attack. It has weathered others in the past equally meretricious and ill-tempered. Yet, I feel that an answer is in order for two reasons: the indictment Mr. Rice sets up is at variance with the obvious facts, as Mr. Rice easily could have ascertained. Mr. Rice is guilty of a good deal of confused thinking.

It is this confusion of thought in regard to the movies which I would like to take up first because it seems to me the most important. So many of the attacks leveled at this industry from the so-called literati seem to stem from this confusion. Let me say here and now that the motion pictures are an art form. And let me add, with equal emphasis, that motion pictures are also business—big business. It is precisely here that our critics are prone to wander afield. Mr. Rice does so in his blanket charge that as producers we are "interested in nothing but the box office." To this, I believe, every executive in Hollywood will readily plead guilty—but with a vital reservation.

Certainly we are interested in the box office. It is the first consideration in undertaking a production that may entail the expenditure of several hundred thousand or several million dollars. But that interest is not, as Mr. Rice implies, due solely to mercenary motives. It is no little due to the plain and simple fact that a picture, no matter how honest and worthwhile, would be a total loss without audiences. It would be a social waste, artistically and financially, unless it had a response at the box office. Regarded even from his standpoint, a picture, no matter what its message, is simply an empty gesture unless people see it. Significant and socially-conscious pictures have been made, as Mr. Rice should know. They were made possible by the box office which he reviles. In his over-simplification, he forgets the business side of motion pictures. It is the most highly-coöperative, creative business the world has ever known. It takes a lot of money to make a good picture,

**"I always hunt for their 'rabbit' eggs, but of course I know rabbits are not oviparous animals."**

even a film of social content. It would be impossible to make this type of picture, or any other kind, for that matter, without attention to the box office and to business.

Mr. Rice is quite willing to credit those who work in the arts with a comradeship that excludes thought of race, creed, or color. Seemingly, he is unwilling to credit the great body of creative men and women who work in this industry with the same tolerance or breadth of viewpoint. None the less, as much of it can be found here in Hollywood as anywhere else in the world—a great deal more, I might venture to say.

These creative artists are just as eager as Mr. Rice to erase the evils of bigotry and intolerance from the earth. They are doing their best to do so. Many of them are in highly influential positions in this industry and therefore are able to give their views expression on the screen.

They are also aware of the box office. They are constantly aware of it, in fact, but not because they are concerned solely with gain. It bulks large in their thinking because they realize that only through the box office can motion pictures become a really great factor in the enlightenment of mankind.

They are aware of it for another very good reason. There is the crass business of meeting your obligations to the stockholders and the thousands of men and women who depend on this industry for their livelihood. Any executive worth his salt must square up to these unpleasant facts so blithely disregarded by Mr. Rice.

It would seem, indeed, that Mr. Rice's quarrel is not with the movie "moguls" at all. It may be with the economic system under which we live. For the movies, as I have said before, are also a business which must show profit to exist. Otherwise they would not be made and the box office would no longer trouble Mr. Rice.

As for his lordly pronouncement that the reactionary movie potentates have studiously avoided subjects of a controversial or vexatious nature because of box office considerations, I can cite only my own record and that of Twentieth Century-Fox. The other "reactionaries," I believe, should be given the privilege of speaking for themselves.

I'm sure that Mr. Rice would concede "The Grapes of Wrath" to have been both vexatious and controversial. It was certainly vexing enough to the studio and to myself, both before and after production, but it was made and it was released.

"I'm A Fugitive from a Chain Gang" certainly fits in the same classification. It still keeps me treading lightly whenever I have occasion to visit the South.

"The Ox-Bow Incident" was a bitter and revealing indictment of mob rule and lynch law. We had "box office misgivings" at the time it was made and those misgivings were justified. The picture lost money in spite of high praise from almost all the critics. It was again a case of "reactionaries" in Hollywood willing to take



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a substantial risk to say something they felt worth saying.

"How Green Was My Valley" was no soft, romantic tale but dealt with the grim realities in a Welsh mining town, and "This Above All" had its socially-significant passages.

At the moment, I am busy with "Wilson," the most important picture ever undertaken by Twentieth Century-Fox. It is the story of President Wilson and his gallant struggle for world peace against all the reactionary political forces here and abroad. It will cost us close to $3,500,000 to make, which is gamble enough in any language. The subject is vital at this time, of course, and has already plunged me and the studio into enough controversy to last us for years. But the "reactionaries" on this lot seem to be willing to take the abuse and risk that huge sum becase we feel "Wilson" has something very significant and important to say to the world at this crucial time. I only hope that the box office agrees with us.

Also, I might mention "Man Hunt," a picture made by this company before Pearl Harbor. In Mr. Rice's book, that film apparently does not count but it did weigh heavily with a Senatorial investigating committee. At least, I had to spend quite a few very uncomfortable days in Washington to answer charges of alleged war-mongering for making pictures detrimental to Nazi Germany.

The final answer to Mr. Rice, it seems to me, can be read in the record of what happened in Italy and Germany on the advent of the dictators. Among Mussolini's first moves was to seize control of the Italian motion picture industry and to ban all American pictures. Hitler did exactly the same thing when he seized power in Germany. Both acted from the same motives and the same fears. They were aware that American pictures, no matter how meaningless Mr. Rice seems to think them, portrayed a way of life and an independent attitude inimical to dictatorship. They knew that such pictures, if freely circulated in their countries, would in the end help destroy them.

For motion pictures turned out by the "moguls" of Hollywood have done more perhaps to educate the people of the world into a democratic way of life than any other single medium known to man. They are, I am proud to say, the greatest advertisement for freedom ever devised.

Personally, I think it high time that Mr. Rice began paying an occasional visit to the movie box office.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

## Elmer Rice Answers Darryl Zanuck

SIR: If Mr. Zanuck had read my article a little more carefully, he might not have rushed to the defense of the movies, in general, and of his own career, in particular.

To begin with, I was not writing an "attack" on the movies. My remarks about Hollywood were contained in one paragraph of a lengthy review of Mr. Hecht's book on anti-Semitism and were intended merely to give my own explanation of the Hollywood taboo of Jewish themes.

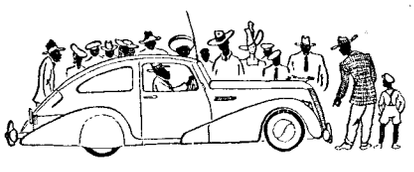
I neither said nor implied that there are no liberal-minded and creative people in Hollywood or that nothing commendable has come out of the studios. On the contrary, I am well aware that Hollywood is full of creative people, and that, every now and then, they manage to produce something really good, in spite of the tremendous handicaps to which Mr. Zanuck refers.

But, unfortunately, these creative people do not determine the policies of the industry. I repeat what I said in my article: the making of motion-pictures is controlled, in the main, by reactionary business-men, who are chiefly interested in making money, and (what comes to the same thing) in preserving the economic status quo.

This plain fact is amply corroborated by Mr. Zanuck himself. His letter bristles with allusions to those glittering millions, that are never long absent from the thoughts and the conversation of the Hollywood big shots —and some of the little shots, too. (It is good to know that Wilson is a $3,500,000 man. What price Stalin?) Mr. Zanuck says that when capitalists put a million dollars into an undertaking, they are primarily interested in getting their money back. That is exactly what I said.

Mr. Zanuck's estimate of the educational effect of Hollywood pictures is sheer wishful thinking. As a matter of fact, the run-of-the-mill Hollywood picture has given the people of the world a wholly grotesque and distorted conception of American life. I remember sitting in a little theatre, in Damascus, wondering what was going on in the heads of the two veiled Arab women beside me, as they watched Shirley Temple, clad in a night-gown and superbly coiffed, lead a stray horse, in out of the rain, and up the principal staircase of the rather chic orphanage, of which she was an inmate. On another occasion, in a large theatre in Tokio, I observed the open-mouthed amazement of fifteen hundred Japanese men and women, as Myrna Loy, pouting prettily because she thought Clark Gable had forgotten their wedding anniversary, came, unexpectedly, upon the diamond bracelet which the impish fellow had artfully concealed in the belly of her breakfast trout.

Of course, I am quite certain that Mr. Zanuck had nothing to do with the making of those two pictures, though I confess I have not followed his career with the close scrutiny it seems to deserve. I am sorry that he chose to construe my remarks as a personal attack upon himself, and I hasten to assure him that, when I wrote the article, I was not thinking of him, at all.



Mr. Zanuck's communication contains one very shrewd conjecture. He suggests that what may be wrong is the whole economic system, under which we live. I think you really have something there, Mr. Zanuck!

ELMER RICE.

Stamford, Conn.

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SIR: Mr. Rice's review contains the following passage: "Mr. Hecht tells us, himself, that he saw no evidence of anti-Semitism in the Germany of 1919."

This is a misstatement which appears to me very significant, and that for various reasons. For not only does Mr. Hecht's assertion "that he saw no evidence of anti-Semitism in the Germany of 1919" lead to wrong conclusions, but it also proves again that it is not enough to live in a country in order to know its people, and that even the best reporter can do only a comparatively superficial job.

For the fact is that there was anti-Semitism in the Germany of 1919, plenty of it. There was so much of it that, for instance, during the Jewish holidays in the Fall of 1919, Jewish students in Hamburg (to whom I belonged) had to guard the synagogues of that town, because attacks on Jewish citizens were feared.

Anti-Semitism in Germany—never entirely absent became viciously active and widespread with the moment of Germany's defeat. Right after the German revolution in November 1918, when we, the pupils of a rather progressive Hamburg college, elected a "student council" in our school, the election was revoked, because somebody found out that the percentage of Jews in the council was higher than the average percentage of the Jewish students. Incidentally, that was the end of the student council which—just as the German revolution—was suffocated before it really came to life.

S. P.

Denver, Colo.

## Arthur Garfield Hays on "Strange Fruit"

SIR: The editorial by Henry Seidel Canby, in your April 1 issue, dealt with the banning in Boston of Lillian Smith's novel, "Strange Fruit." Dr. Canby points out the absurdity of the objection to "four-letter words" when used by a character in a book to express a thought, an act, or emotion as he would naturally express it.

My curiosity is excited as to any legal basis for a charge of obscenity on the ground of objectionable words. The statutes prohibiting circulation of material that is "obscene, lewd, and indecent" have time and again been interpreted to apply only to that which would excite "sensual desire" or "libidinous thoughts." These interpretations have time and again and with-



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out exception excluded prohibition merely because of vulgarity, lack of taste, or for any reason other than as above stated. As was said in a well known New York case [*People v. Wendling,* 258 N. Y. 451], where the prosecution arose out of the dramatization of "Frankie and Johnny":

> The question is not whether it would tend to coarsen or vulgarize the youth who might witness it but whether it would tend to lower their standards of right and wrong, specifically as to the sexual relations.

When the concept of obscenity in general is applied to material that might arouse sexual desire, the next question is, sexual desire of whom? The early cases held that the test was dependent upon the effect upon "the young and immature, the ignorant and those sensually inclined." [*U. S. v. Clark,* 38 Fed. 732 (1889)]. Such a test of course would strictly limit literature which decent, mature, and intelligent people could obtain and would, if applied without discrimination (as such laws never are), curb literature to material which could not harm "the young and immature, the ignorant and those who are sensually inclined." Fortunately, the law has gone beyond that so that today the test is, as was stated by Judge Woolsey in *United States v. One Book Called "Ulysses,"* 5 Fed. Supp. 182:

> The court's opinion as to its effect on a person with average sex instincts—what the French would call *l'homme moyen sensual*—who plays, in this branch of legal inquiry, the same role of hypothetical reagent as does the "reasonable man" in the law of torts and "the man learned in the art" on questions of invention in latent law.
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> * * *
>
> I am quite aware that owing to some of its scenes "Ulysses" is a rather strong draught to ask some sensitive, though normal, persons to take. But my considered opinion, after long reflection, is that, whilst in many places the effect of a "Ulysses" on the reader undoubtedly is somewhat emetic, nowhere does it tend to be an aphrodisiac.

One of the statements in that case is strictly applicable to "Strange Fruit":

> The words which are criticized as dirty are old Saxon words known to almost all men and, I venture, to many women, and are such words as would be naturally and habitually used, I believe, by the types of folk whose life, physical and mental, Joyce is seeking to describe. In respect of the recurrent emergence of the theme of sex in the minds of his characters, it must always be remembered that his locale was Celtic and his season spring.

Furthermore, a book must be judged as a whole. In the appeal on the "Ulysses" case, the Circuit Court, through Judge Hand, said [72 Fed. (2d) 705]:

> That numerous long passages in "Ulysses" contain matter that is obscene under any fair definition of the word cannot be gainsaid; yet they are relevant to the purpose of depicting the thoughts of the characters and are introduced to give meaning to the whole, rather than to promote lust or portray filth for its own sake.

Dr. Canby's article seems to assume that there is something in the law which prohibits the use of "four-letter words." He asks us to do away with such "arbitrary taboos." My point is that there is no such taboo in the law, although that of course does not trouble the authorities in Boston.

Jimmy Walker once said, "No woman was ever ruined by a book."

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS.

New York City.

## B. W. Huebsch on Strange Words

SIR: Congratulations on at once defying the ban and satisfying my morbid curiosity. There has been much talk about a four-letter word; you editorialized about it recently, carefully skating around the word itself, and other papers have been similarly discreet in their defense of impetuous writers.

At last, however, two contributors in a single issue tear the draperies away! Not only Mr. Sinclair Lewis in his description of the mind and face of Mr. Bernard de Voto but Mr. Tiffany Thayer in his delicate reply to Mr. Elmer Rice uses it, and now *we know.* I blush as I set down the four letters: l-i-a-r.

B. W. HUEBSCH.

New York, N. Y.

## The Search Goes On

SIR: I am faintly amused by Frances Whiting's call to *SRL* readers to join her in the search for a new word to replace the unfortunate *non-fiction.* Miss Whiting herself had better join the librarians of America who have long been looking for a suitable term. As far back as I can remember—and I can remember a long way back—librarians have disliked the word even while they used it, have deplored its stranglehold on circulation sheets and annual reports, have wished someone would come up with a positive and more suitable label.

Dr. Wilhelm Munthe of Oslo, in his delightful work on American librarianship, says "Non-fiction—an unfortunate negative makeshift to designate what we would call subject reading—is what counts."

Do you like "subject reading," Miss Whiting?

EMILY M. DANTON.

Temple University, Philadelphia.

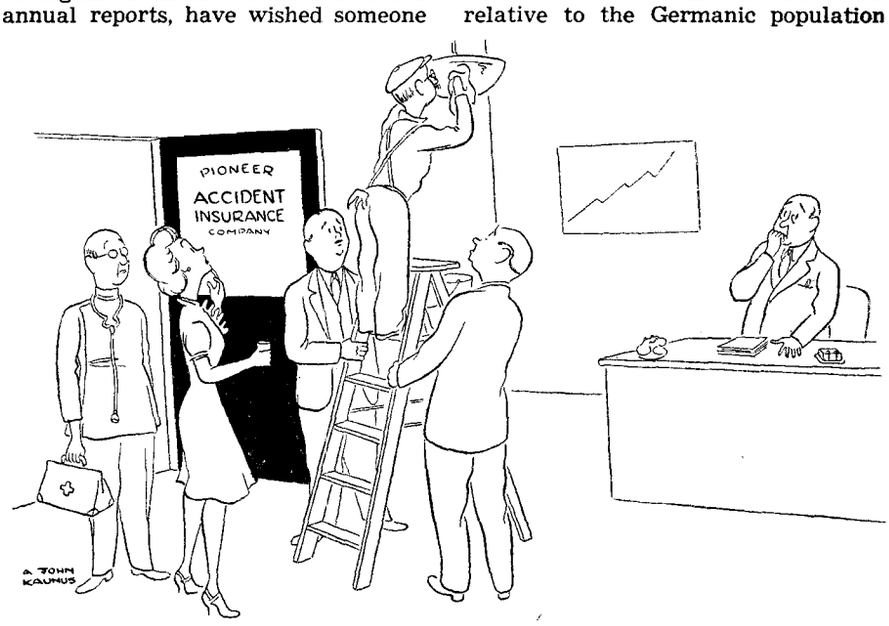
## Our Favorite Controversy

SIR: There are two letters in your April 1 issue which surely are indicative of the thinking of many people. I refer to one by Elizabeth Halmel who complains that we are being flooded with books "What to do with Germany and how," and the other by Mr. Otis Moore who deplores the continued controversy "Is Germany Incurable?" and by indirection is possibly pointing out that this country of ours was built up by reason of the fact that 25 per cent of its population have German blood in their veins—or am I mistaken, Mr. Moore?

Regarding the Halmel letter, there has been practically a cessation of reference to German militarism in the press, on the platform, and in public discussion.

Were it only possible that Vansittart's book "Lessons of my Life" were made available to every American! It is unfortunate that in his book one must read 271 pages of documented proofs to find his conclusion buried in the simple sentence, "The world has an immeasurable account to settle with German militarism and this time it must be settled forever." It is on that score that books should be written for the man in the street, "What to do with Germany." The message is simple—"Stamp out German militarism." If we fail this time those now fighting and their children will be fighting Germany again in due course. This premise is true even if Hitler and Nazism are eliminated.

In reference to Mr. Moore's letter relative to the Germanic population



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in America, I agree that Germans who emigrated to America made untold contributions toward the upbuilding of this country. However, those emigrants left behind them the Teutonic characteristics and philosophies and when placed in a new environment adopted our American ways and were thoroughly integrated into the American ways of life and habits. However, Americans of German descent are not of the Junker class. The Junkers stayed in Germany and propagated more Junkers. Their only mission and objective in life is to carry on the Junker militaristic ambition of "Germany must conquer the world," plus the idiotic theories of German racial superiority.

Those Americans of German descent came from other strata of society—thank God—or else we might have a Junker class in these United States—monocles and all.

CLARENCE H. LOW.

New York, N. Y.

## You, Too, Can Write on S. A.

SIR: That is a good piece of Mr. Stimson's, and long-overdue, in the March 11 *Saturday Review*. Were it within my humble powers, and within the scope of my opportunities, I should express substantially the same views. One gets so fed up with the silly, yeastless, trivial stuff that these Latin-America-in-fifteen-minutes writers foist upon publishers, and upon a section of the reading public that is seriously intent upon obtaining accurate, meaty information. Most of it isn't worth hell room. Examples of what tripe reputably authoritative writers can and do turn out is provided in Gunther's and Gervasi's recent deliveries.

And the grotesqueries some of these new Latin American side hands—and some of the old ones, too—do perpetrate when they essay to monkey with Spanish. By the way, what the door-rapping *muchacho* said to Mrs. Banning, which Mr. Stimson quotes, was not *"Senora cinco,"* but *"Senora, son cinco."*

Gunther's collective characterization of the Colombians reminds one of what someone wrote of Brisbane. "If Brisbane enters a strange town and happens to see, between the depot and his hotel, four or five yellow dogs, he immediately proclaims that 'Smithville is a city of yellow dogs.'"

A first-chop publisher recently put out an edition in English of a novel written by a Mexican, and paid good money to a presumably competent translator to English it. He sent me a copy, and asked me for my opinion upon the translation. One may judge what my verdict was when I ran across things of this sort: she quoted a character as saying something about "casting daisies before swine." That brought me up, all standing. I wondered where in hell she got the "daisies," instead of "pearls."

Thinking back, I found the solution. *"Perla,"* of course, is the most commonly-used Spanish word for "pearl." There is another, much more infrequently used, *"margarita."* Which also means "daisy." Apparently the author—I did not see the book in the original—meant to say "pearls before swine," but used *"margarita"* instead of *"perla."* To the translator, *"margarita"* meant nothing but "daisy," so she cast "daisies" before her swine, instead of "pearls."

Still, one does wonder how in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress one who might be presumed to be even reasonably literate, with respect to English, should ball up in this way such a well known and frequently used English saying. The new and workmanlike reviewer of *The New Yorker* of late has been quite acid about sloppy English translations put out by publishers who should take shame to themselves for allowing it.

ROBERT HAMMOND MURRAY.

Harrisburg, Pa.

## Sackcloth for L. B.

SIR: You will do me a kindness by printing this apology. An anonymous correspondent has drawn my attention to a bad grammatical error in my review of "Perelandra." If he will send me his name and address, I will humble myself before him for carelessness worse than ignorance. Breaking Priscian's head is quite as easy as lieing and in some ways almost as reprehensible. If I reproach others for similar pugilistic breaches of decorum, which I have done and shall continue to do, I must not spare myself. This man has penance done. God save us all from getting lost in the middle of our own sentences! And now a friendly message to wartime America.

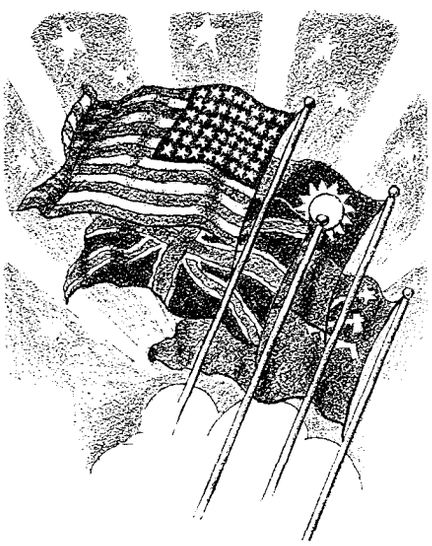
LEONARD BACON.

Peace Dale, R. I.

## Indefatigable Willie

SIR: Yes, I remember "Little Willie," and here are two more recalled by your interesting article in the March 25 number:

*Little Willie*
*Pair of skates*
*Hole in the ice*
*Golden Gates.*



*Little Willie on the track*
*Heard the engine squeal,*
*Now the engine is coming back*
*And they are scraping Willie off the wheel.*

ELEANOR M. HARTNEG.

SIR: One more in the little Willie tradition. Post Wheeler, many years ago, carried a series in his "The Last Column" in the old *New York Press*. Here is one from my scrapbook.

*Wistful little Ermitrude,*
*Innocent of rhyme or reason,*
*One day in a playful mood*
*Slit her baby brothers weazen.*
*"Gracious!" cried her lady mother,*
*"My best carpet! What a bother!"*
*"Ah me, I fear 'twas very rude,"*
*Sighed wistful little Ermitrude.*

GARLAND COOPER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Lee L. Baker [*SRL* Letters April 8] may be interested in two other obituary doggerels in Max Adeler's "Out of the Hurly Burly" which have stuck in my memory since 1886.

*Little Willie's dead*
*Jam him in a coffin*
*Don't have such a chance*
*For a funeral often.*
*Rush his little body round*
*To the cemetery,*
*Drop him in the sepulcher*
*Beside his Uncle Jerry.*

And—

*Mrs. McFadden has gone from this world,*
*She has left all its sorrows and cares.*
*She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs*
*While scrubbing the cellar and stairs.*

A. W. DILLER.

Norwalk, Conn.

SIR: Here are some new versions of "Little Willie" rhymes:

*Little Willie*
*Iron hot,*
*Threw it into*
*Boiling pot.*
*Lye squirted*
*Over him.*
*Undertaker;*
*Funeral hymn.*

*Little Willie*
*Caught rat;*
*Badly bitten*
*Where he sat.*
*Bubonic plague*
*Soon set in;*
*Farewell Willie*
*And his kin.*

* * *

*The curfew tolled the knell of parting Willie,*
*Until the bellman said "Why, this is silly.*
*We should indeed be glad to know*
*That Willie lies beneath the snow.*
*How very smart of sister Lily!"*

*Willie's haunted by a ghost—*
*The cat he did so cruelly roast;*
*Its haunting caterwauling*
*To Willie's ever calling.*
*His parents said "You know now, Willie,*
*It doesn't pay to be so silly."*

GRACE CLARKE.

33 Plant Street,
New London, Conn.



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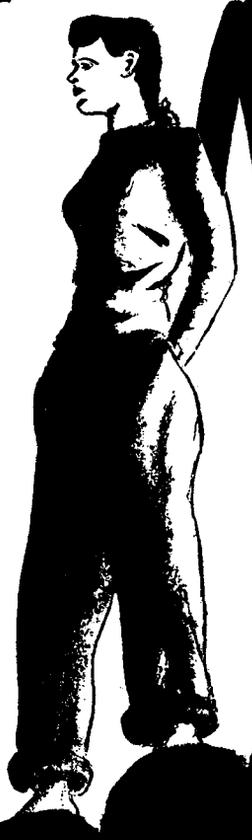
# The critics discover Bennett's Island!

*in the new novel by*
ELISABETH OGILVIE

# HIGH TIDE AT NOON



**LEWIS GANNETT:** "As fresh as a Maine breeze... Elisabeth Ogilvie writes of a Maine island with an intense affection that reminds one of the great days when Rachel Field, Mary Ellen Chase, Tristram Coffin, and Gladys Hasty Carroll were busy giving other writing states an inferiority complex."
—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

**FANNY BUTCHER:** "She makes Maine glow in her pages."
—*Chicago Tribune*

**LOUISE DICKINSON RICH:** "Were I not completely wedded to the woods, I would move at once down to the coast. I don't know what more an author can do to a reader."

**OLGA OWENS:** "You will live on Bennett's Island while you read this story, and we can think of nothing nicer to do!"—*Boston Post*
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# TRADE Winds

## THE LITERARY SCENE

◆◆ In Providence, an ingenious soul found a new use for a Gideon Bible. He entered a liquor store and slapped the book on the counter. "Put your hand on this Bible," he commanded the flabbergasted clerk, "and swear you haven't got any Scotch." He got a quart.

◆◆ In Chicago, the USSSR refers not to the Soviets, but to the Union of Simon and Schuster and Sears Roebuck.

◆◆ In Boston, Dale Warren received a lengthy manuscript from an old classmate. "Your book is unpublishable," reported Dale. "But what'll you take for the paper?" In the same city, bedeviled booksellers were euchred into removing from sale Lillian Smith's fine novel, "Strange Fruit." Bernard DeVoto, with the support of the publishers, is making a courageous effort to put a stop to this type of extra-legal censorship, and to get Boston back into the United States.

◆◆ In New York, an enterprising firm called Celebrity Service has published a mighty convenient directory of publishing, film, theatre, radio, agency, hotel, night club, and newspaper notables: names, addresses, telephone numbers. Fifty cents a copy. Address: 150 East 54th street.

◆◆ In London, Liddell Hart said to Bernard Shaw "Do you realize that 'sumac' and 'sugar' are the only two words in the English language that begin with 'S-U' and are pronounced 'SHU?'" "Sure," answered Shaw.

◆◆ In Beverly Hills, an amazing agent named Shirley Collier received a Christmas card from Philip Van Doren Stern, was impressed by it—and sold it to a motion picture studio for ten thousand dollars! Besides that, she's beautiful. Address: 170 South Beverly Drive.

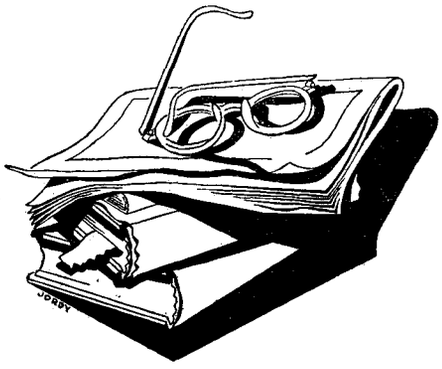
◆◆ In Oxford, Mississippi, a young lady offered William Faulkner crystal clear definitions of "like" and "love": "If I likes 'em I lets 'em. If I loves 'em, I helps."

**WHEN FRANCIS MEYNELL,** the great typographer and founder of the Nonesuch Press, visited America, he was tendered a dinner by the American Institute of Graphic Arts. Aware that students of printing as far away as Kansas City were going to journey to New York to hear his talk, Meynell spent days in feverish preparation, and marched off to the dinner with a sixteen-page, typewritten manuscript in his pocket.

Unfortunately, a preliminary "cocktail party," hosted by the genial Rockwell Kent, lasted a full two hours longer than had been anticipated, due in part to Mr. Kent's discovery of a half dozen bottles of prime Irish whiskey, in part to the fact that most of the guests began falling on their faces. When Meynell faced the Institute audience, he swayed a bit, forgot all about the prepared speech in his pocket, and told the following story:

> In the time of Nero, when sport-loving Romans crowded the Coliseum every Saturday to see a Christian tossed to the lions (on some Sundays there were double-headers), there was one special victim who had given the authorities untold trouble before he was rounded up. Nero had eleven of his most ferocious lions starved for a full week to assure a neat performance when they were turned on this Christian the following Saturday. Eighty thousand spectators turned out, not including the press. The Christian stood alone in the center of the arena, calm and unafraid.
>
> The first lion was released. He made a bee-line for the Christian. The crowd wetted its lips. But then an amazing thing happened. The Christian bent down and whispered something in the lion's ear. The lion's tail went between his legs, he lowered his head, and slinked out of the arena. When the same performance was followed by six more half-starved kings of the forest, and the gallant crowd was beginning to holler for its money back, Nero, sore as a pup, summoned the Christian and curtly said, "If you will tell me what you say to those lions to make them act that way, I will grant you a full pardon." "It's very simple, Nero," explained the Christian. "I just whisper in their ears: 'Remember, you'll be expected to say a few words after dinner!'"

With this story, Mr. Meynell called it a day. He was so conscience-stricken the following morning that he had a special edition printed of the speech he really had intended to make, and sent a copy with his compliments to every person who had attended the meeting. It's quite a collectors' item today. . . .



**EDGAR SALTUS,** author of that lush chronicle of Roman times, "Imperial Purple," told another tale about Nero's simple efforts to keep his Romans amused. There came a time when there were no more early Christians left in captivity to feed to the lions, and other prisoners were pressed into the service. These poor wights were given a fifty-fifty chance. They were allowed to pull a slip from a helmet. If the one they selected read "no" they were sitting pretty; if it read "yes" it was a break for the lions.

One culprit was in the jug because he had an annoying habit of stealing friends' and countrymen's wives. Indignant cuckolded husbands were determined that he be erased from the picture once and for all; they marked both of *his* slips "yes." A female gladiatress managed to tip him off in the nick of time. "Think nothing of it," warbled the irresponsible lady-killer. "I'll meet you at the Zeusevelt Bar in twenty minutes." He reached into the helmet, picked up a slip, read it, tore it into shreds, laughed merrily, and started to walk off. "Just a minute," cried his infuriated captors. "What did your slip say?" "Never mind that," said the prisoner. "Just read the one you have left!" . . .

**JOHN WINKLER,** having exposed the private lives of Carnegie, Rockefeller, Morgan, and Woolworth, is now busy tracking down the inside facts on all the great brewers of the country. . . . I seem to remember as a boy the big brewery wagons, loaded with kegs of beer, drawn by four huge Percherons, rattling over the cobblestones. . . . Or did I only see them in a Betty Grable technicolor production? . . . Winkler's last book, "Tobacco Tycoon," was not only a biography of James Buchanan Duke, one of the most fabulous of America's "robber barons"; it was a history of the cigarette business in America. . . . Until the end of the Civil War, the inconsiderable numbers of cigarettes smoked in this country were all imported from Turkey. In 1869, native American tobacco was used in a cigarette for the first time. Ten years later, the annual output was in the neighborhood of a quarter of a billion, all handrolled. It was at this point that Buck Duke stepped into the picture. He hatched the brilliant notion of including the picture of a pretty, undraped actress or a popular ball player in each package, developed the premium idea, and, most important of all, gained control of a



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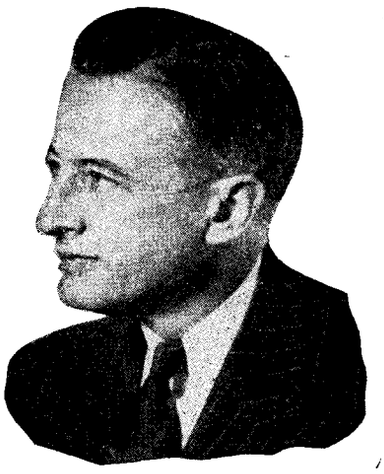
new machine that could make cigarettes a hundred times faster than the most expert hand-roller.

By the year 1908, Duke's American Tobacco Company had become a hydra-headed trust that enjoyed a monopoly not only in cigarettes, but in cigars, pipes, and chewing tobacco, snuff, and even the boxes, cartons, and tin foil in which tobacco products were marketed. It also controlled the jobbers and the retail outlets (United Cigar Stores). The annual cigarette sale at this time was about nine billion. When the Government ordered a dissolution of the trust, its structure proved so intricate that only one man in the world could make head or tail of it. The world was treated to the irony of Buck Duke being commissioned by Congress to break up his own trust!

One of the strands of the dissolved colossus was the Winston plant of R. J. Reynolds. In 1913, this company gave the world its first "blended" cigarettes—Camels. In two years Camels captured a quarter of the country's cigarette market. American Tobacco frantically countered (1916) with Lucky Strikes, Liggett and Myers with Chesterfields. Old Golds and Philip Morris came later. Backed by frenzied if unsubtle advertising (the commercials, for instance, on Lucky Strike's "Hit Parade" are, in my opinion, the most unbearable and ridiculous of all coast-to-coast radio features today), these leading brands kited cigarette consumption to the staggering annual figure of 200 billion. . . . Now, reports *Tide* magazine, unprecedented war time demands have created shortages among the better-known brands, and given some of the smaller companies a chance to launch some new ones. Look for an all-out national campaign, for instance, on "All Americans," a popular-priced cigarette in regular size in a striking red and white package. The same company (Axton-Fisher) is introducing another new one, Axton Vintage Special, retailing at twenty cents for the carriage trade. Brown and Williamson are boosting their Raleigh brand into really big figures; Stephano Brothers are testing Rameses Blended in the Middle West; Penn Tobacco is boosting Juleps; Larus and Brother have already sold the Army enough of its Chelseas to make current figures compare favorably with the Big Four. . . . Out of all these new entries, some one brand, for a probably intangible reason, will really click and shoulder aside a current favorite. People buy cigarettes for reasons that have little to do with their taste. Ninety-nine smokers out of a hundred can't tell one from another. We tested one "expert" a few weeks ago via the old blindfold method: gave him four cigarettes in a row. After much deliberation he identified them as a Lucky, a Chesterfield, a Camel, and a Philip Morris. All of them were Camels. . . .

**WHEN BUCK DUKE** first came to New York in 1884, he lived in a hall bedroom that cost him two dollars a week. He died in his marble mansion on Fifth Avenue—one of the stateliest and most ornate in town. Duke himself was sometimes a little startled by his latterday surroundings. He liked to tell the story of the first time he rode down Fifth Avenue on a horse-drawn rubberneck wagon. The spieler called attention to the palatial new residences. "There's the Morgan place," he said. "Pierpont?" asked Duke. "No, Junius," said the announcer. "And here's the home of the Vanderbilts." "Cornelius?" suggested Duke. "Wrong again," snapped the announcer. "William Henry." A moment later he pointed to a new church. "Christ Church," he announced, and when Buck said nothing, added, "Go on, kid, take a chance!"

BENNETT CERF.

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# *Education and God*

ORDWAY TEAD

PROFESSOR JACQUES MARITAIN is exercised * as are many others today about the place of religion in education. This is by common consent a "crossroads" issue gaining a sudden momentum of importance among all schools of thought due, we may suppose, to a sense of the need for moral discipline in education. How such discipline of the self is generated and whether or not it is strengthened by superhuman sanctions and support, —in short how strong characters are formed—is a problem now bothering more parents and educators than at any time in the last fifty years. That with the complete secularizing of modern education some significant and needed element has dropped out seems to be a widely held conviction.

The issue may be posed as concerning the relation of knowing to doing, the relation of understanding to a positive disposition to act wisely. It is the tension between the Socratic view that "knowledge is virtue" and that of Aristotle (as quoted by Maritain) that "to know does little, or even nothing, for virtue." Again, the issue may be posed as concerning the wisdom of allowing any direct place for specific religious influences in the conduct of "secular" public education. Secular is here to be understood, as F. Ernest Johnson has well phrased it, as "devoid of any continuous reference to an inclusive spiritual salvation, supported by a religious faith."

The issue thus concerns the relation of the Hellenic strain in our culture—with its emphasis on balance, restraint, reason, and order—to the Judaistic strain of sensitiveness to a Power in the world not wholly ourselves. What should education have to do with that discoverable inner dynamic which drives us to righteousness,—with the search for ways of realizing that Will which God is believed to require the individual and society to discover and conform to.

How exigent the problem is, is suggested by the amount of current writing on the subject. Look, for example, at the recent "Education Between Two Worlds" of Alexander Meiklejohn who speaks eloquently of the present aimlessness of American education due in part, he alleges, to the complete segregation we have now effected between church and state. Education is now supported by, guided by, and operated in the service of the secular arm of our common life which is political in essence, and religiously neutral or oblivious in its expressions. Hence, if any purpose is now to be discovered, it is, in Meiklejohn's view, one of equipping individuals for the service of the state as the dominant social agency in society.

In Meiklejohn's view the desirable reconciliation of historic aims of church and state is by building a positive loyalty in and through education to such a state as will be the expression of a "common will." This is, of course, a different state from that of the totalitarians, but the danger of its being manipulated in their direction would seem to be a constant threat to truly democratic community life. It is significant that such a lifelong stalwart in the liberal camp as Alexander Meiklejohn should be supporting so earnestly a thesis which thus might easily yield anti-democratic consequences at the hands of those with different purposes. It is significant, too, that the liberal Catholic Maritain should come forward with proposals so different from those which many would have assumed that he might advance and so different also from those of Meiklejohn.

English thinking and planning in this area is also recognizing today the urgency of the same problem and proposals are forward to move ahead with still a new program representing important departures in public policy. The White Paper on "Education Reconstruction" presented to Parliament last July says on this issue:

> There has been a very general wish, not confined to representatives of the churches, that religious education should be given a more defined place in the life and work of the schools, springing from the desire to revive the spiritual and personal values in our society and in our national tradition. The church, the family, the local community and the teacher—all have their part to play in imparting religious instruction to the young.
>
> In order to emphasize the importance of the subject provision will be made for the school day in all primary and secondary schools to begin with a corporate act of worship, except where this is impracticable owing to the nature of the school premises, and for religious instruction to be given. At present this is the practice in the great majority of schools and this practice will receive statutory sanction and be universal.

**Jacques Maritain**

Professor Maritain is less concerned in these Terry Lectures with the practices of the schools whether in religion or in respect to other phases of the curriculum (although Lecture III is devoted largely to curricular matters in rather general and not too American terms), than he is with the foundation premises of all education. He is prompt to remind the reader of his own frame of reference which is "the Aristotleian and Thomistic philosophy."

The aims of education obviously derive from one's answer to the question, "What is man?" And the author starts with this answer: "We may give the Greek, Jewish, and Christian idea of man: man as an animal endowed with reason, whose supreme dignity is in the intellect; and man as a free individual in personal relation with God, whose supreme righteousness consists in voluntarily obeying the law of God; and man as a sinful and wounded creature called to divine life and to the freedom of grace, whose supreme perfection consists of love."

Much is said of the "education of the will," but the focal point of the "main duty in the educational spheres of the school as well as of the state," is flatly set forth to be "to enlighten and strengthen reason . . . by a sound equipment of knowledge and a sound development of the powers of thinking." Non-Catholic readers will perhaps be surprised at the declaration that "from the very start the teacher must respect in the child the dignity of the mind, must appeal to the child's power of understanding, and conceive his own effort as preparing a human mind to think for itself." "The only dominating influence in the school and the college must be that of truth, and of the intelligible realities whose illuminating power obtains by its own virtue, not by virtue of the human

*EDUCATION AT THE CROSSROADS. By Jacques Maritain. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1943. pp. x, 120. $2.



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authority of the master's say-so . . ."

Of broad interest, also, are Dr. Maritain's four fundamental rules of education. They are: (1) to enable the child "to grow in the life of the mind;" (2) "to center attention on the inner depths of personality and its preconscious and spiritual dynamism;" (3) "to foster internal unity in man;" and (4) "to liberate intelligence instead of burdening it."

Of the tensions between openmindedness to new knowledge and conviction as to a deeply believed faith, our author has this to say: "To live in a state of doubt is a highly civilized attitude as regards the infinite potentialities and future constructions of science in its deciphering of phenomena. But to live in a state of doubt as regards, not phenomena, but the ultimate realities the knowledge of which is a natural possibility, privilege, and duty for human intelligence, is to live more miserably than animals, which at least tend with instinctive and buoyant certitude toward the ends of their ephemeral life."

Directly and in specific terms, the problem of education in religion is not elaborated. But the infusion of teaching with a unified, truth-seeking outlook, the choosing of teachers who are reverent and spiritually purposed, the "indirect" illumination of the will through knowledge related to wisdom —these emphases are interwoven through the entire fabric of the lectures. Dr. Maritain is writing to Americans and he strives to remain oriented to their over-all traditions and outlooks. In a remarkable way he does, it seems to me, transcend the dogmatic and the sectarian. Without belittling or muting his own faith, he sheds from it his light on America's secular *and* religious motives in education. He thus elevates the entire discussion to a level of exalted, poetic, moving grandeur of mood and sentiment which the reader, whether believer or not, cannot remain unaffected by.

One comes from this exposure to a sensitive religious and philosophical mind, refreshed, heartened, and deepened. Whether or not every reader subscribes to every sentiment is of less moment than that many of those Americans who are concerned for the foundations and premises of our educational structure give themselves the privilege of sharing in the insights of which this author is the bearer—insights so numerous that this review hardly begins to suggest them.

Whatever we in America have decided, or may re-decide, about explicit allusion to God in education, we cannot wisely ignore Professor Maritain's searching if oblique variations on the theme.


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# Show Window Atop a Volcano

*HOTEL BERLIN '43. By Vicki Baum. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 250 pp. $2.50.*

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

IN "Hotel Berlin '43," an expert operator in the field of popular fiction gives us romantic melodrama with psychological overtones, timely coloration, and ideational accents. The villains of the piece are Nazis and the good folk are anti-Nazis, which means that by current market standards they are much more "significant" than if they were, let us say, pro-Borgia and anti-Borgia; but this fact, and the author's pseudo-serious approach to her subject, should not lead us to mistake the literary level on which these characters have their being. It is essentially that of the good old cloak-and-sword romances, wherein flourished intrigue, love at first sight, hairbreadth escapes, battle, murder, and sudden death. Much entertainment has moved on this level, including much Hollywood entertainment, and "Hotel Berlin '43" is entertaining and exciting from first to last. One notes in passing that many of its scenes are camera-wise, and that when its hero finds himself in his tightest jam he extricates himself with all the vigor and resourcefulness of an Errol Flynn.

Returning to the hotel setting in which she scored so brilliantly some years ago, Miss Baum spins a dramatic web of conflicting strains and stresses. The hotel itself is now, in 1943, "a comfortable island set apart from the rest of the country," a rendezvous for the "crude, flashy new aristocracy of Hitler's creation," for Quislings and collaborationists, diplomats, visiting missions, foreign bankers and business men, agents, and officers on leave. There is good wine in the cellars and a czardas band playing in the banquet room. In short, "this island of purposeful lies and pretensions" is a Nazi show window; but the foundations on which the shop is built are already crumbling, and bombs are beginning to fall with increasing fury on Berlin.

On this stage, against this background, the novelist establishes her characters with neatness and dispatch, and proceeds to manipulate them with ingenuity. In the cast are Martin Richter, young university student, wounded veteran of Stalingrad, and fugitive from the Gestapo; Lisa Dorn, an enchanting actress, darling of the Third Reich, who has been catapulted to fame and into the favor of the Nazi rulers; General Arnim von Dahnwitz, Junker victor of Kharkov, abruptly recalled from the eastern front; Tilli, an amiable, hard-working trollop, in the service of the Party; Johannes Koenig, the great writer who did not go into exile, and who can now sleep only when he is dead drunk; Geoffrey Nichols, an English novelist with a bad heart, who as a prisoner-guest of the Nazis regularly broadcasts German propaganda to his countrymen; Oberleutnant Otto Kauders, ace fighter pilot, mentally and physically at the breaking point; Adolphe, a brave little page boy—all these, and some others.

When they begin to act, during the twenty-four hours allowed them between two air raids, things begin to happen and keep on happening with increasing rapidity and intensity. General Dahnwitz, confronted with the choice of suicide or arrest by the Gestapo, tries to spend his last night with his mistress, Lisa; while Martin Richter, cornered, who has never seen her before, does spend the night with her. ("She had known him a hundred years. She had never known anyone but him. He lifted his arms and she rushed towards him, as if the room were on fire.") Lisa, who "was completely and innocently and ignorantly a child of the Third Reich and believed without a qualm or doubt in the gospel of the New Order," learns passionate disbelief. Johannes Koenig discovers that his great act of cowardice has left him no hidden springs of courage; but Geoffrey Nichols finds his own soul, and so does Tilli, even though she misses out on the new pair of shoes of which she has dreamed so ardently. Oberleutnant Kauders is played for a sucker, Gestapo Commissar Helm winds up at the bottom of an elevator shaft, and the hotel takes one hell of a pasting.

For further details you must consult Miss Baum. And if you do, you will not have a dull minute. Nor will you wish the book to be better than it is, for it is absolutely first-rate of its kind.

**SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 525)**

G. E. WOODBERRY:
*(THE) NORTH SHORE WATCH*

Beauty abides, nor suffers mortal change,
Eternal refuge of the orphaned mind.
.....
Morn shall awake me with her glad surprise;
The stars shall hear my song;
. . . . Heaven shall I see, what'er my road,
Steadfast, eternal, light's impregnable abode.



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## PRISON FOR AMERICAN GENIUS

(*Continued from page 7*)

"success cult": "Usually it is not in his own but in other persons' success that the ordinary American rejoices and takes pride." Our "mass passivity," the "cultural fragmentation, the division of interest of the lower classes, and their loss of leaders," the fact that "generally speaking, the lower classes in America have been inarticulate and powerless," the contrasting situation of what Dr. Myrdal calls the "Pullman class" with its "greater cultural homogeneity, more self-confidence, and more of a tendency to pool its power than a similar class in most other countries"—all these things provide but a highly dubious basis for optimism that dynamic post-war America will turn toward more democracy rather than fascism. Furthermore—

> The class barriers are thus becoming higher and more unyielding, at the same time as the cultural heterogeneity within those barriers is continuously decreasing. The masses receive a steadily improved general education and keep a greater number of their own potential leaders. These trends might make them active and articulate. For the time being, however, there are only minor indications of such a change. If and when it comes, it is destined to remake the entire public and social life of America.

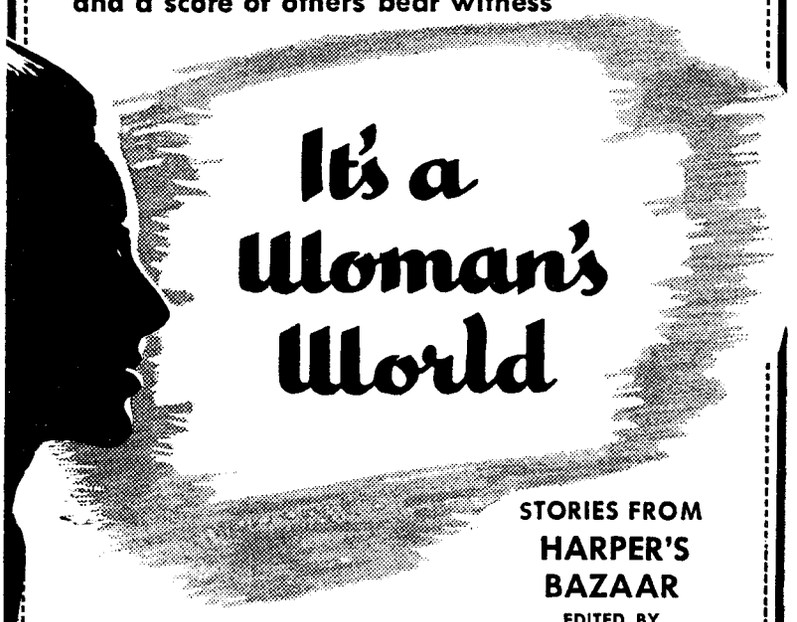
I believe realism and candor require the reprinting of the beginning of that last sentence as: "IF and WHEN—."

Dr. Myrdal charges us American social scientists with "intellectual defeatism." We "have developed a defeatist attitude towards the possibility of inducing social change by means of legislation. The political 'do-nothing' tendency is strong in present-day social science in America." It is well for this charge to be leveled at us Americans at the present time, for so serious is the situation that whatever can be done must be done. No healthy man craves the role of the "defeatist." But, equally, no intelligent social scientist wants to be caught babbling liberal optimistic platitudes in a time when a deeper wisdom would demand sober apprehension and concentration on more fundamental issues. If one believes that "America is at the crossroads" as regards more than its Negro problem, that the factual power in the saddle today cannot for the time being be stopped by a grossly unprepared democracy, and that the task ahead is to build for the long-term recovery of democracy, then such a person may in no fair sense be branded "defeatist."

I believe that Dr. Myrdal, in his emphasis on America's immediate potentialities for large liberal advances through social legislation may be misreading the United States in terms of his more familiar Sweden. Does Sweden, with its geographical compactness and large identity in population and tradition, present a setting for stable liberal progress which is absent in the United States? I believe so. Ours is a big country, populated by heterogeneous, unassimilated millions from many nations, with a tradition of "anti-administration" and "little government," arbitrarily crisscrossed by jealous state boundaries, and with the resulting social welter dominated by clotted giant business power. And that is not a favorable setting for sustained progress by social legislation in a raw, angry time of naked power forces such as we seem to face. As a Scandinavian liberal Dr. Myrdal believes the "American Creed is gradually realizing itself" and he quotes with approval a statement that "In this country political, social and economic conditions gravitate toward equality." I wonder.

*Robert S. Lynd, professor of sociology at Columbia University, is the co-author with Mrs. Lynd of "Middletown: A Study in Contemporary American Culture" and "Middletown in Transition."*


COLETTE, NANCY HALE, DOROTHY PARKER, KAY BOYLE, VIRGINIA WOOLF, G. B. STERN, MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN, ANITA LOOS, and a score of others bear witness

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# Icebox of the Globe

*NORTHWEST OF THE WORLD: Forty Years Trading and Hunting in Northern Siberia. By Olaf Swenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* 1944. 270 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EMIL LENGYEL

THE cold pole of the world is situated in northeastern Siberia, where sixty degrees below zero Fahrenheit is considered a heat wave. There is scarcely any sign of life in vast stretches of the desolate tundra. Olaf Swenson, author of this book, did his trading in this inhospitable part of the world and reminiscing about his Arctic adventures in Seattle he is seized with nostalgia for the icebox of the globe.

He loved to feel the tang of snow and the cutting edge of the northern wind. He loved the challenge of nature at its sternest. Above all, he took a deep liking to his native friends in Chuckcho and Yakut huts. He found them as straight as nature and as hospitable as Abraham's Biblical hosts.

For more than four months his dog and reindeer teams pounded the frozen snow of the 4,500 miles of trail from northwestern Siberia's Cape North to Central Siberia's metropolitan Irkutsk. On the winding "tract" he saw nature at its worst and in its most magnificent mood. He encountered a cross-section of Arctic Siberian life and a medley of characters that cries out for the artist's brush. The people of the lonely trail on the top of the world knew far better how to laugh with a full heart than the citizens of the sophisticated towns.

It was half a century ago that Olaf Swenson began his life as a trader in Arctic Siberia. The natives brought him the treasures of the great wastes. They brought him the furs of Russian sable, white fox as well as the skins of deer and bear, hair seal, whalebone, and ivory. They bargained with him and he bargained with them. They had no idea about values and he was a shrewd bargainer. But he took no advantage of their innocence and gained their full confidence.

Several times his ship was caught in the frozen sea off the Siberian coast. More than once he escaped death almost by miracle. Once his boat was hurled against the cliffs by a savage sea. Another time he was washed into the icy water and was nearly drowned. Still another time the ice-floe on which he was traveling yielded to his weight. He was one of the party that brought relief to the famous Arctic explorer Stefansson, dogged by misfortune.

Swenson happened to witness the occupation of part of Kamchatka by a handful of counter-revolutionary Russian Whites at the time of the Civil War. He made the acquaintance of a Czarist officer who broke into tears when hearing a song his mother used to sing and a few minutes later coldly gave orders to shoot a soldier for a minor offense. The author witnessed the hopeless confusion attending the change of regimes from white to red. The Communists confiscated his goods on the ground that he was a capitalist exploiter and a blundering Red policeman arrested him, only to release him with profuse apologies.

Those who like adventure stories in an Arctic setting may have their fill in this book. Mr. Swenson tells exciting stories about strange and weird customs in a primitive world. With relish he tells also the stories of foxes, wolves, and dogs. And, naturally, this being Siberia, he talks a lot about the weather in a country where looking at one's watch is a dangerous operation because of the necessity of baring one's wrists.

The story of primitive man in this book contains so much valuable material that the reader wishes that Mr. Swenson were not merely a trader but also a social scientist who knows how to evaluate the things he has seen. It also would be interesting to read about the changes the revolution has wrought in the lives of the author's native friends.

While there is absolutely no warrant for assuming that Mr. Swenson wrote about anything but the things he saw himself, he sometimes fails to be convincing because he packs so much excitement in a single chapter that he gives the impression of trying to "pep up" his narrative.

Just the same, the book has value as a source material about a part of the world which is of increasing importance because of its location along the route of air travel between the United States and the Soviet Union and which may be expected to be even more important in the presumably more air-conscious post-war world.

# Seven Keys to North African Victory

*PIPELINE TO BATTLE. By Major Peter W. Rainier. New York: Random House.* 1944. 302 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by
SQUADRON LEADER MURRAY HARRIS

MAJOR RAINIER opens with the rash statement: "I venture to say that the battle of Alamein will prove to be the decisive land battle of the world conflict." Though the masses engaged and the casualties suffered were insignificant indeed compared to the titanic struggles on the Russian front, the ultimate strategic effect on the outcome of the war will probably justify him. The author is in any case in good company, for Ludendorff predicted in his memoirs that the next war would be won or lost in North Africa.

This battle was the culmination of that long-drawn-out dingdong struggle, started so auspiciously by Wavell with his small force of 20,000 men, when they threw a quarter of a million Italians out of Egypt and onto their haunches at El Agheila, leading two-thirds of them back into captivity. Major Rainier had unique opportunities of seeing every phase of this campaign and he has made good use of them in this book. He spent many months at the depot camp of Amria, terminus of the continuous munition dump flanking either side of the Cairo-Alexandria road. Located between the desert and the town, it is here that road and rail branch out into the blue. An endless procession of men and machines paraded in front of him on their way to battle. But he later had a ringside seat in all these campaigns, as he labored with his watering parties to supply the firing line.

We shall in due course have more technical and perhaps more accurate descriptions of the seven outstanding battles of the North African campaign, but we shall never get a more readable one. Packed with personal experience and shrewd and witty observation of men and affairs, this book reads like a novel throughout and yet deserves to rank as military history. The major operations are well illustrated by this officer; trained as he is by his experience as a mining engineer in the four corners of the globe, his field sketches of terrain and dispositions are clear and easy to follow.

The seamy side of war, of which the Germans are past-masters, is brought out in all its revolting ugliness. Particularly striking is his description of the unending minefield, through which the sappers had constantly to grope their way over two thousand miles of desert. Every mile of them cost them a man, for there were two thousand casualties among these pathfinders of the 8th Army.

The 8th Army is fortunate in having so able a chronicler as Major Rainier. Nowhere have we seen the hardships of existence in the desert more graphically portrayed.



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# The Vatican and World Events

*THE LISTENING POST—Eighteen Years on Vatican Hill. By Thomas B. Morgan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 1944. 242 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THOMAS B. MORGAN, though himself a Protestant, is well qualified to tell the full story of the Vatican. After a brief newspaper experience in Pittsburgh he joined The Associated Press in France during World War I, and went in 1919 to Rome to do "religious reporting" for the United Press. He left eighteen years later.

When he arrived in Italy, Americans were interested in only three things—"the death of the Pope, the assassination of the King, and the eruption of Mount Vesuvius." But Italy and the Vatican soon became better news material. Mussolini usurped power and later the Nazis followed suit in Germany. The Holy See was faced with important decisions.

Mr. Morgan agrees with his colleague Camille M. Cianfarra ("The Vatican and the War") that the Church was neither pro-Fascist nor pro-Nazi. And eventually, when the Lateran Treaty was signed by Mussolini and the Pope, the Holy See increased both in spiritual authority and temporal influence. Thirty-nine countries were then sending envoys to Vatican City and the Pope was receiving news of what transpired everywhere from his delegates.

The Holy See, Mr. Morgan asserts, was the very first in its knowledge of each Hitler step. "When he made his first fateful march into Austria, Vatican City knew seven days previously of this order to cross the border." If this is correct, it is rather puzzling why Schuschnigg, who was in high favor with the Pope, was fully unaware of his fate when he ordered a plebiscite in Austria only four days before Hitler's legions marched into Vienna.

Pius XI and the present Pope, "the greatest diplomat of the Holy See," have always wanted peace. Pius XII—at that time Papal Secretary of State Eugenio Pacelli—brought in 1917 peace proposals to Wilhelm II. In 1939 he tried unsuccessfully to arrange a five-power conference.

Very recently the repeated missions of Myron C. Taylor to Vatican City and the visit of Archbishop Spellman of New York give evidence of the important role the Holy See is playing in international diplomacy. Today, however, the American representative, Harold Tittman, is a "prisoner in Vatican City" and the Pope himself is "protected" by the Germans.

There are many engaging chapters in this intimate and readable book. It is crowded with amusing anecdotes and fascinating historical details on American-Papal relations during the last 50 years. Mr. Morgan paints remarkably graphic portraits of the Cardinal Merry del Val and his successors, of several Popes, of American diplomats and bishops who came to Rome. He describes luxurious banquets and ostentatious audiences in Vatican City. The history of the Vatican is told with accuracy.

The closing chapters are devoted to recent developments in Rome. Here Mr. Morgan is not always detached on a subject fertile with prejudice. When Pétain assumed power in France, writes Mr. Morgan, the Vatican received him with unpretending joy. The Pope wishes well for the fortunes of France and will gladly "give his blessing to the return of the Catholic parties in Germany and Austria in pre-Hitler strength." But, the author thinks, with the extension of the Church in the United States, its influence in Vatican City will transcend that of any other nation, and there is even the prospect of an American Pope in four or five decades.


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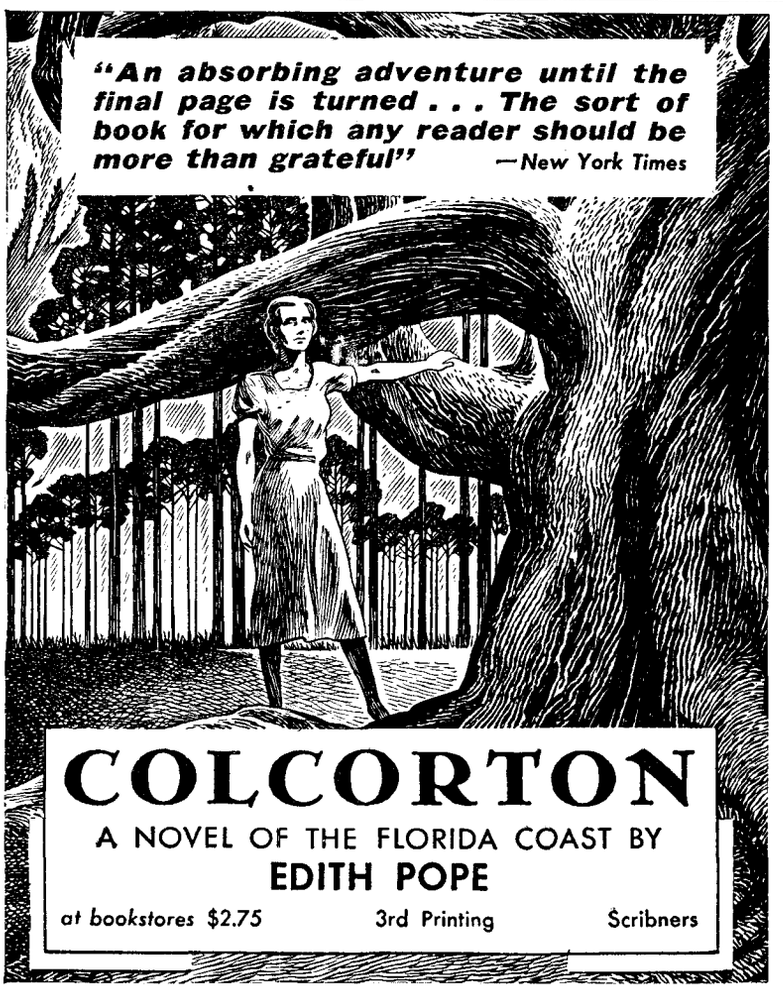
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# The Bard of Radio Row

*MORE BY CORWIN, 16 Radio Dramas. By Norman Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1944. 412 pp. $3.*

Reviewed by HARRIET VAN HORNE

IF one agrees with the English critic, Herbert Read, that the dividing line between prose and poetry is found not in the form employed but in the quality of the experience conveyed, then Norman Corwin, radio's master craftsman, is a poet of commendable stature even when he abandons the verse form.

Primarily, young Mr. Corwin writes for the ear. His verse is precise, measured, often witty. His prose is polyphonic in the finest sense of the term, with *les mos justes* falling into place as naturally as the notes in a familiar symphony. And the experiences conveyed are lofty, intense, and wonderfully various. In his new collection, these range from white-hot indignation over fascist methods, to the sheerest, gossamer-spun whimsy.

In the latter category falls "Mary and the Fairy," a play about a good girl who took to heart everything she read in the ads and heard on the radio. All her waking hours went into brooding over "what four out of five have, and coffee nerves, and pink toothbrush, and telltale signs, and she was afraid of offending, and of what might happen if she didn't insist on the name."

So gullible was Mary that she bought twenty-five loaves of bread, composed a fifty-word letter on one of the wrappers, and won the Crinkly-Crunkly Good Fairy contest, granting her five wishes. The Good Fairy from the baking company called on Mary in person, carrying her wand in a smart zipper case, and a sheaf of papers (quitclaims and such) to be signed in proper order. Practical pixies, Mr. Corwin's fairies.

One of gentle Mary's wishes was to "speak better," so the Good Fairy arranged for her to babble in verse—and hilarious nonsense it is, too—for a good portion of the play.

How wondrous are the possibilities of radio as a medium for popular education may be seen in the play most critics consider Corwin's masterpiece. "We Hold These Truths," he calls it. And in it you will find the strength and simplicity, the poetry and passionate faith to an ideal that too few of our scientific historians seem to grasp.

Corwin does not deal in handsome historical generalities. He tells the story of the Bill of Rights and how it has grown through the years. Tells it by the comparative method, as when adding up the years the document has endured: "One hundred and fifty years is a weekend to a redwood tree, but to a man it's two full lifetimes. One hundred and fifty years is a twinkle to a star, but to a man it's enough to teach six generations what the meaning is of liberty, how to use it, when to fight for it."

That Mr. Corwin has many strings to his bow is seen in "Cromer," the story of an English seacoast town and how it met the blitz. In "A Man with a Platform," he offers an opera bouffe about a chap who thinks "things should be done about things." He starts with the crib, where too many infants are lulled into ennui by the baby-talk of their elders. As a substitute for this bosh, "Man with a Platform" composes a lullaby, which murmurs softly, "Now, little Junior, don't you cry. You'll be a monster by and by." In "The Master Plan," Corwin lashes out against the complete moral bankruptcy of the Nazis. In "A Moment of the Nation's Time" and "To the Young," he writes a poetic equation for the things we are fighting for.

**Norman Corwin**

Upon closing this book, one wishes for the courage to ignore radio completely, except on Tuesday nights at 10 when Columbia Presents Corwin. By comparison, the rest of radio is a crickets' chirp beside a lute. If there is any hope at all of radio one day ascending to its proper place in our culture, it is Mr. Corwin, who writes with a wise and mature pen for a medium as yet barely out of the larva stage, who will light the way.

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# *Your Literary I. Q.*

**By Howard Collins**

TWICE-MARRIED MEN

This week's quiz is the suggestion of Cpl. Samuel Sheplow, of the Army Air Corps. Briefly described below are ten heroes of fiction who were married twice. How many of them can you identify? Allowing 5 points for each one you remember, and another 5 for the story and author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 33.

1. After his first wife divorced him, he married the girl he had first encountered behind a perfume counter at Saks'.

2. This doctor's first wife was a student nurse, his second a wealthy society-woman who married him because of his growing fame.

3. As a young law clerk, he married the boss's daughter; in later years he married a childhood friend, also a lawyer's daughter.

4. After an unfortunate alliance with a dissolute dipsomaniac, he found happiness by marrying his ward's governess.

5. His first marriage was with an English widow whom he had known as a child; his second was with a Spanish widow whom he had courted as a young man.

6. After his first wife eloped with an unprincipled adventurer and was later reported dead, this wealthy landowner married the daughter of the neighborhood justice.

7. Tricked into a marriage with a barmaid in a nearby town, this eldest son of the village squire was relieved when her sudden death enabled him to marry the daughter of a neighboring farmer.

8. This stuffy business man was surprised when his first wife left him to make her own living as a typist, but he soon married another, more amenable woman.

9. Following his first wife's death, he married a young woman with a checkered past, in the futile hope that his name would give her a secure social standing.

10. When his first wife fell in love with the architect who was building their house and left him, this man of property got a divorce twelve years later in order to marry a young French girl.



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## AMERICA'S "SECURITY SITUATION"

(*Continued from page 10*)

the last war. Spykman's suggestions seem to me outright dangerous because the power combinations and means he advocates in his grand strategy may pave the way for what could spell doom to this country, a coalition of the U. S. S. R. and China against the Anglo-American Powers. Germany and Japan might then, for a change, decide to join the winning side!

One cannot do full justice to this book in a brief review. Spykman's geographic surgery is skilful and brilliant, but we doubt whether, under his knife, the patient mankind would survive the operation. His balance of power concept seems to me basically wrong. Wrong is also the over-generalization in his "rimland" thesis because it neglects entirely the rise to power of continental *inland* regions in the present phase of the industrial revolution. That Spykman's use of a modified Mercator projection (Miller's) is partly responsible for the exaggerations in his claims, can be but mentioned here.

Take, for instance, Spykman's recommendation that we should acquire additional bases in the Pacific to control the destinies of China. He does not pay attention to the growing importance of the immense land frontier between China and the U. S. S. R. The age in which China was penetrated from its coastal ports toward the center is now coming to an end. A new age is dawning in Asia in which the decisive activity will generate in the center and radiate toward the fringes on the Pacific coastline. No balance of power combination can stop this trend which will bring to a halt the drive of Western colonial imperialism in Asia.

Any discussion on geopolitics is apt to be controversial. The untimely death of one of the earliest and most gifted converts to geopolitics in this country has deprived us of the chance to see him defend his building against the attacks which he no doubt expected. But since his field was nothing less than the future of mankind, his death does not permit us to accept his message in silence. Nicholas Spykman was a fighter and those of us who are convinced that he was fighting for the wrong cause must stand up against his challenge. I have found nothing in "The Geography of the Peace" which does refute the kind of political ethics which permeates his main work. In spite of its proud realism, it is an ethics of disillusion and despair.

"The statesman," wrote Spykman in 1942, "who conducts foreign policy can concern himself with values of justice, fairness, and tolerance only to the extent that they contribute to or do not interfere with the power objective. They can be used instrumentally as moral justification for the power quest, but they must be discarded the moment their application brings weakness. The search for power is not made for the achievement of moral values; moral values are used to facilitate the attainment of power." This is the voice of destruction and nihilism.

### FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 44

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 44 will be found in the next issue.*

XDGDK LB FQGQKPRCQ ED JB RQSPJBQ LE LB GD QAXQHQKLB. LE LB PCNPMB PGSLQGE FLKEJQ.

—QHQKBDG.

*—BQCZ-KQCLPGSQ*

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 43***

CALL ME COUSIN, BUT COZEN ME NOT.

—THOMAS FULLER.

*—HISTORY OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.*


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# The Phoenix Nest

I HAVE received the following letter from Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio:

Dear Mr. Benét:

Mrs. Taft and I read *The Saturday Review of Literature* with great interest, including your editorials.

I can't help writing to you about your poem in the April eighth issue entitled "Recess for the Boys." I don't think I have ever read anything more prejudiced, unreasonable, with less apparent knowledge of the facts, than this poem. It is certainly very much more prejudiced than the prejudice which you denounce.

If you are ever in Washington, I would like to discuss with you the position of Congress and the character of the work which a Congressman has to do, both in Washington and at home.

With best wishes, etc.

"Recess for the Boys" was a bit of polemical verse heading this column in the issue of the magazine to which the Senator refers. I would reprint it here, to refresh your memories, but I need the space. It definitely attacked those Senators and Representatives which I called

All the mules and all the Tartars
And all the holy Christian martyrs,

*because* I *have* been, angrily and profoundly, prejudiced in favor of our fighting men on the various battle fronts receiving a simplified, workable, transportable federal ballot, through which they could actually register their votes in the forthcoming elections so that those votes would count. Such a ballot has so far been denied them through the conflict of interests and of factions in Congress, through political considerations and clamor about the Constitution and States rights. If I am unreasonable, and have no knowledge of the facts, then I can only say that my favorite morning newspaper, *The New York Times,* which seems to me a most sedate and conservative paper, has been my source for the facts in the case. The President, finally, refused to sign the Soldiers' Vote Bill, which emerged at length from the battle-smoke in Congress, because he considered it, quite rightly, entirely inadequate to the situation. I will quote to the Senator from the last paragraph of *The Phoenix Nest* for March 25:

> In any event, as liberals, we can . . . congratulate *The New York Times* upon the sanest and clearest statement of what is at issue in regard to the Soldier's Vote, and what makes practical good sense in the situation, in their editorial of March 9, called (with reference to Governor Dewey's proposal) "It Won't Work." In regard to the contention of the Departments of War and the Navy [for a simplified ballot] *The Times* went on to say that "we fail to see any nonpartisan, nonpolitical reason for the furious opposition with which this proposal has been received in Congress and elsewhere."

I love that delicate *Times* phraseology! Sometimes *The Times* reminds me a bit of Henry James! I know what *some* American people think of the way Congress acted—or rather, reacted to the Soldiers' Vote Bill. It was a big simple issue. Send our fighting-men a simplified ballot that they can actually receive under battle conditions and get back in time for their vote to count. If Congress had wanted all to pull together to that end, and clear away all red tape and extraneous considerations, the thing could have been done expeditiously, in an entirely practical fashion. As it is, and as I intimated in my verse-squib, I certainly hope that Congress has thoroughly enjoyed its Easter vacation!

I now open my morning *Times* (Friday, April 14—*and the date should go down in history!*) and find the head of Column One reading "SOUTH WON'T OPEN POLLS TO NEGROES, MAYBANK WARNS," subheaded, "Senator says Supreme Court picked 'Worse' Time for Texas Primary Decision. Hint of Poll Tax Fight. Senate is told Institutions Below Mason-Dixon Line Will Be Maintained." I will also quote the third paragraph of the special article by C. P. Trussell:

> "The white people of the South," he declared, "will not accept these interferences. We are proud of our section. We know what is best for the white people and the colored people. We are going to treat the Negro fairly, but in doing so we do not intend for him to take over our election system or attend our white schools."

No comment. It speaks for itself. Mr. Maybank said a great deal more to the same effect. I hope that Senator Taft will bring all his influence to bear, finally, to make it unthinkable that in the United States of America any American citizen, white or black, should have to pay any amount, however small, for the "privilege" of voting. The ballot in our land is not a "privilege," it is a sacred right, to the poorest as well as to the richest. The Southern representatives believe in segregation, and, at the most, a very restricted suffrage for the Negro. This, perhaps, is an example of—as they conceive it—"the character of the work which a Congressman has to do, both in Washington and at home." I have lived in the United States of America for fifty-eight years, and it is not *my* idea of the United States of America.

* * *

Well, suppose we switch to Bing Crosby's new song,

How would you like to swing on a star,
Carry moonbeams home in a jar—

You go on with it! "Tender words of love, repeat them again I implore you. . . ."

I am glad indeed to print the following letter received from S. G. Brady, Lt. Col. U.S.A., Ret'd, of Asheville, N. C.

> You will pardon, I know, the intrusion of one more letter upon the time of one who must be a very busy man. My excuse is your paragraph on Will Crawford in the last *SRL*. I too am a great admirer of his work and have always considered him among the very top men of this country who used the pen. I have seen, too, some of his wash drawings which I liked just as well as the ink.
>
> Inasmuch as you mentioned the late Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady in your *Phoenix Nest,* I can tell you that I am his son and so remember


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Will Crawford quite well. I remember one amusing drawing he made for my father. Apparently Crawford owed my father a letter and had owed it for some time. At long last, in lieu of writing, he made a lovely drawing of Job taking off his wreath which was labelled "Champion Patient Man" and putting it on father's head.

I have only one drawing myself and as it is very personal it would hardly serve your purpose. It is a Christmas greeting he made for my father and is quite large, 18 inches by 6 inches on gray paper, showing typical medieval singers outside a lighted house, while snow is falling. It is quite lovely.

I draw myself—merely for my own amusement—and so can perhaps appreciate a little more the delicate beauty of some of his pen work.

As long as I have bothered you, may I say that I always read and enjoy your *Phoenix Nest*. I have been a subscriber to the *SRL* for several years now. I do like your liberal tone. I thought the "Free Enterprise" thing superb, and other articles in which you so ably get after the righteous, platitudinous, coupon-clipping and boring Republicans. And it is perhaps strange, too, that I do, as I have been all my life a paid professional—yes, and perhaps mercenary—soldier (retired physically in 1940 after having fought completely through the last one in the First Division). And even in our democratic regular army, it is still sort of a Praetorian life. Perhaps it is my Anglican upbringing or perhaps it is because the thing I liked best about my whole army life is the soldiers themselves, the men, who were extraordinarily likable, lots of fun, and fully worthy of any efforts I could make to help them.

Again apologizing for this intrusion upon your time, etc.

No slightest intrusion, Colonel! It is an honor to have you in the column. I like that line ". . . *and fully worthy of any efforts I could make to help them.*" That is the way many of us feel, many of us who *have* votes!

Speaking of "mercenaries," I wonder if the Colonel knows that splendid poem of A. E. Housman's, the "Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries"? I quote it from the "Collected Poems," published by Henry Holt & Company.

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

## ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Stephen Haines, in "The Women," by Clare Boothe.
2. Martin Arrowsmith, in "Arrowsmith," by Sinclair Lewis.
3. "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
4. Edward Rochester, in "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Brontë.
5. "Anthony Adverse," by Hervey Allen.
6. Archibald Carlyle, in "East Lynne," by Ellen Price Wood.
7. Godfrey Cass, in "Silas Marner," by George Eliot.
8. Harry Sims, in "The Twelve Pound Look," by J. M. Barrie.
9. Aubrey Tanqueray, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," by Arthur Wing Pinero.
10. Soames Forsyte, in "The Forsyte Saga," by John Galsworthy.

# The Criminal Record

**The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction**

| *Title and Author* | *Crime, Place, and Sleuth* | *Summing Up* | *Verdict* |
|---|---|---|---|
| CORPSE DE BALLET<br>*Lucy Cores*<br>(Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50) | World-renowned dancer slain on night of triumphant come-back. Torrent of N. Y. homicide squad and reporter Toni Ney investigate. | Exotic ballet background interesting and well done. Puzzle well worked out with special punch at finish. | Bravo! |
| THE CAT WEARS A NOOSE<br>*D. B. Olsen*<br>(Crime Club: $2.) | Misses Rachel and Jennifer Murdock again "help" Lieut. Mayhew solve two California killings with supernatural trimmings and a feline assistant. | Begins well, with Dracula touch highly promising. Chronicle of deaths in unpleasant family then gets confused, with too many surprises at finish. | Disappointing |
| THE EVIL STAR<br>*John Spain*<br>(Dutton: $2.) | Slaying of detective in search of missing California triplet starts Steve McCord on trail that covers much blood-stained territory. | Rather complicated chronicle of three harassed girls, some suave and deadly gangsters, and a toughly efficient detective. | Readable toughie |

Due to serialization, the publication date of "Towards Zero" by Agatha Christie, reviewed in THE CRIMINAL RECORD of April 15, 1944, has been postponed until June.

## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.*

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**YOUNG WOMAN** with zeal for sports, music, books, seeks correspondence with other sincere woman. Box 371-J.

**WANTED:** House within commuting distance New York City. Rent, share, buy. Box 372-J.

**INTELLIGENT WOMAN** sought as semi-companion, semi-nurse for semi-invalid (woman) in midtown New York City apartment. Afternoons and frequent evenings off. Box 373-J.

**MALE,** fortyish, Massachusetts resident, seeks adventure in male correspondence: object the better life. Box 374-J.

**GENTLEMAN,** 35, single, draft-exempt, crazy about Thoreau and Whitman, has saved a thousand bucks, seeks invitation to mellow town where he can earn a moderate living and cultivate garden. Box 375-J.

**POSITION WANTED:** Woman, mature, domestic science, business, library research background, outdoors, versatile, adaptable, anywhere, transportation. Box 376-J.

**OLD PHONOGRAPH RECORDS** wanted. Box 377-J.

**YOUNG EUROPEAN WRITER** needs friend, talk English, help typing, stenography. Box 378-J.

**YOUNG MAN,** 23, distrusts book publishers' wailing moans as they overlook biggest profits in industry's history. Still believes now is excellent time to start. Wants partner with small amount of capital to match his own. Prefer someone with connections, but all offers carefully considered. Box 379-J.

**ALERT,** attractive bachelor, thirtyish, university degrees, needs stimulating correspondence, same. Box 380-J.

**MOTHER'S HELPER,** desired in publisher's country home. Private room, bath. $100 month. Box 381-J.

**MIDDLE-AGED MALE** would compare notes with reasonably intelligent woman. Box 382-J.

**WANTED: AN "ANGEL"** to finance smart three-act comedy for Broadway. Will someone answer a young playwright's prayer? Box 383-J.

**PERSONABLE YOUNG BACHELOR** (thirtyish) will barter sincere memos with sensible she-fire. Box 384-J.

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**WANT SOMEONE** interested in gardening to share country property, near Pawling, N. Y. Investment not expected. Box 387-J.

**EXPERIENCED,** capable secretary offers services in exchange for rent of house or apartment in northern California, for self and three-year-old son. Box 388-J.

*(Continued on page 34)*



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## PERSONALS

(*Continued from page* 33)

**PERSONALS**—Review, April 8. "Five deeply skeptical"—Karl Marx omitted inadvertently. Box 314-J.

**SECRETARY** (unattached), specializing in literature and research, desires work with one or more writers, California, Hollywood, or vicinity. Box 389-J.

**WHO HAS HIDEAWAY** where gentleman can getaway to garden, raise chicks, read? Describe. Box 390-J.

**MANHATTANITES:** Young writers interested forming informal Literary Club, communicate Box 391-J.

**WRITER,** old, young man, plagued by aloneness of mind, would hear of feminine ideas and wiles. Box 324-J.

**WANTED:** Newspapers, magazines in good condition containing picture-data on Spanish Civil War. Box 392-J.

**LONELY LADY,** fiftyish, radically inclined, wishes to correspond with personable friendly gentleman claiming sense of humor. Box 393-J.

**PART OF HOUSE,** forty miles from New York City, available during July and August. Nominal rent in exchange for taking care of the place. Enclosed back yard, ideal for small child. Within walking distance of station, library, and stores. Box 394-J.

**FAMILY**—two adults and boy of fourteen—would like services of unattached woman for cooking and housework. Offer salary, attractive home on small farm adjoining village, eight miles from Northampton. No laundry. Considerable leisure. Dorothy K. Crone, Williamsburg, Mass.

**COUNTRY HOME** on dirt road. 100 miles from Manhattan, 50 miles Philadelphia. Rent or sell. Furnishings optional. Box 395-J.

**UNORTHODOX** gent invites diverting, piquant correspondence from members of either sex. Topic: Humanity. Box 396-J.

**EXPERIENCED WOMAN,** Ph.D., wants literary research, reading mss., translation of German scientific, medical, literary material, editing, proofreading; German lessons given. Box 397-J.

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**PITHECANTHROPA ERECTA,** mad for correspondence with maudlin cynic. Box 399-J.

**WANTED:** Job with future. Is there busy New York executive who needs highly competent assistant? Excellent background, secretarial training; well read, interested in people, current and future events; red hair, green eyes. Salary $50. Box 400-J.

**MALE,** young, seeks correspondence with young lady of progressive political, religious, and social views, not devoid of pulchritude. Box 401-J.

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**YOUNG BACHELOR** (Interior Decorator turned cost accountant in war plant) desires male correspondents to alleviate incipient nostalgia. Box 402-J.

**N. Y. STATE** widower, neither brilliant nor witty, but reasonably successful in business, enjoys such humble things as country life, a garden, good food, and a bit of bridge. Seeks correspondence from feminine counterpart, thirtyish, fortyish, fiftyish. Box 403-J.

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## PERSONALS

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**DESIRE TRANSPORTATION** to Los Angeles. Middle-aged, educated, caretaker, cook. Box 404-J.

**AVID READER,** young woman, desires position preferably with New York City bookstore. Experienced in library work. ACademy 2-0304.

**PROFESSIONAL WOMAN** (fortyish), living in heavenly sanctuary, and interested in books, plays, solitude, and fine people. Would enjoy hearing from those who, like herself, are unemotional but genuine. Box 405-J.

**GENTLEMAN SEEKS** a feminine correspondence in vicinity of Pennsylvania. Box 337-J.

**FASCINATING ASSOCIATION** (inactive or active participation), either sex, profitable. Broadway producer-director desires financial associate or additional financial participation. Box 197-J.

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**MAN,** fiftyish, rather in the dumps for want of something more substantial than imaginative outlet, would welcome feminine correspondence, intimate or otherwise; former New Yorker, now located Florida, although not entirely from choice. Box 415-J.

**THIRTYISH,** weekly newspaper publisher is thirstyish for newspaper or writin' gal who ish prettyish, twentyish, cheerfulish, and ish inclined to brighten the corner where she ish! Box 406-J.

**PHYSICIAN,** Yale graduate, promising future, twentyish, desires to correspond with cultured young woman. Box 407-J.

**RUSSIAN WIDOW,** cultured background, middleaged, desires to correspond with fiftyish gentleman. Box 408-J.

**LATIN** gentleman, song writer, desires to correspond with middleaged lady with same interest. Box 409-J.

**COSMOPOLITAN MISS** with dimples wants mail from men who have lived or are living outside U. S. A. Box 410-J.

**MODELS, SHOWGIRLS**—sought for correspondence by professional young man. Box 411-J.

## PERSONALS

**WOMAN,** fiftyish, college graduate, desires part-time duties as receptionist in eastern institution, summer months. Box 412-J.

**IS THERE** a white-collar twentyish girl interested in country living? Box 413-J.

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# The Crostics Club

IN a period of unusual stress last year I apparently failed to acknowledge by letter or in this column what now amounts to a batch of communications in my folder without notation. If you are included in the above I hope you'll write again, for my files are approaching order.

D. H. Rich, Maplewood, N. J., who has a flair for utilizing new words in rhymes, concludes his latest with this Lewis-Carroll-like stanza:

Then the sauerkraut guy lifted gun to eye
From behind a *limbate* tree,
But a Russian spy who happened by
Smote that *Plattdeutcher hip and thigh,*
And had him that night for tea.
(He cooked him in with the *stchi.*)

Our amusing rhymster, James Taft Hatfield, Evanston, Ill., thus memorializes the Santayana incident:

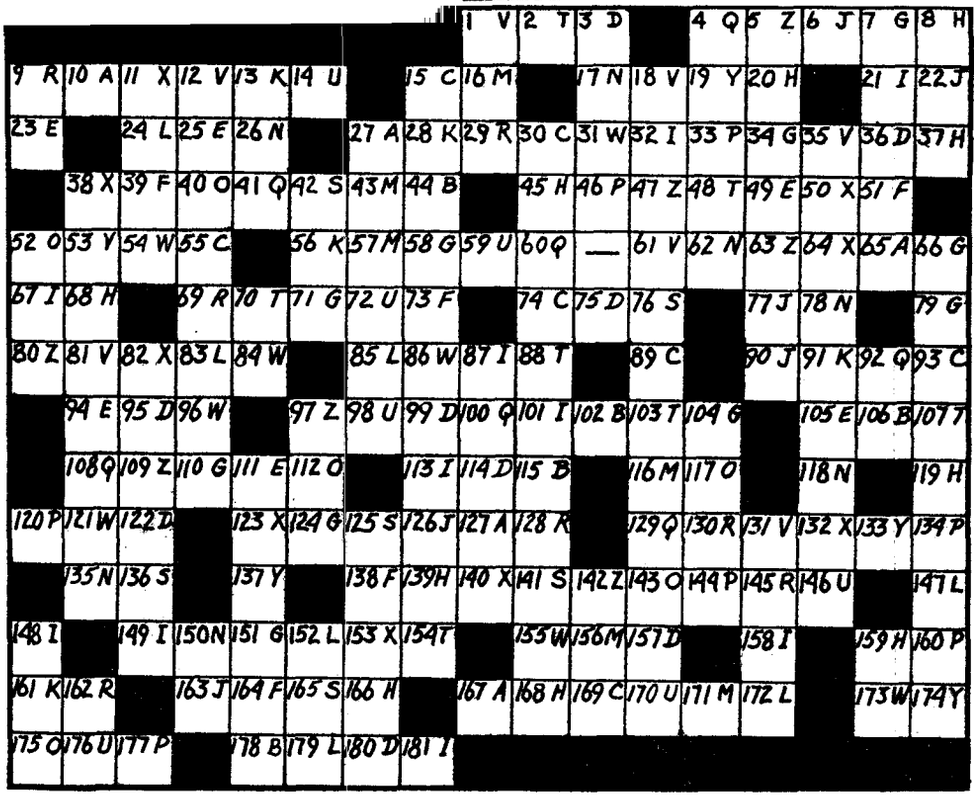
God bless your kindly, helping hand,
Which pointed to the Promised Land;
Solved Santayana (ere begun),
By calling him "5-21."

William D. Goodwin, Los Angeles, now retired from school-teaching, relishes DCs the more since they do not keep him from important duties. Apparently he is no exponent of "stolen sweets are sweeter."

Mrs. Phyllis Wyatt Brown, another Evanstonian, met DCs years ago through Carolyn Wells who announced the advent of a new puzzle to Mrs. B's sister at some literary event in New York. She has been a real missionary since then, introducing them not only to her reluctant husband but to his banking friends as well. They use reference books freely and invariably follow up the puzzling with research suggested by it. A hunt for a spelling different from the one given for the Battle of Crécy led them into Green's "Short History of England," and after they had read about the Burghers of Calais (neither of them dry-eyed) they took down Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England" and wound up in the Art Institute to see again the "reproduction from the Calais Monument of Rodin's burghers standing so firmly in their bronze integrity with the halters round their necks." Mrs. Brown concludes, "For all this and for what is to come (it is Emerson, isn't it who says enjoyment should have three constituent parts, anticipation, experience, and retrospect?) our very grateful thanks." Such incursions gladden my heart!

Katherine Ellis Barrett, La Crescenta, Calif., who came across DCs on an Arizona ranch in '35, likens their doing to "emptying out a button-box; each odd little article trails a chain of irrelevant varied memories, and the pattern that stands revealed at last is always of interest."

E. S. K.



# Double-Crostics: No. 526

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

**DIRECTIONS**

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

*When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).*

**The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 26 of this issue.**

**DEFINITIONS**

A. A windrow of cut grass or grain.

B. Primitive kind of *lamp* usually of iron and hung by a chain.

C. Goddess of beauty and wealth; consort of Vishnu (Hinduism).

D. To peel out as a kernel from husks or shell; to explain.

E. The dialect of Hindi used by the poet Tulsi Das.

F. Hesitant; reluctant; fastidiousness.

G. To be more important than; to obscure.

H. To ruminate; meditate (3 wds.)

I. Russian composer (1866-1901).

J. Fortified camps; timbrels.

K. Chief Minister of Ahasuerus foiled by Esther (Bib.)

L. School of philosophy of 6th century, reputed founder Xenophanes.

M. Sportive; playful.

N. One of the four stars in the Square of the constellation Pegasus.

O. A wiry grass in the Nile, a big part of its sudd (2 wds.)

P. Objects of purely rational apprehension as opposed to perception (Metaph.)

Q. Street in London, synonym of British administration or government.

R. Spiritual or emotional ecstasy.

S. Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army Air-Forces since May, 1942.

T. A form of behavior of insects attaching themselves to other insects to be carried about (Zool.)

U. Appellation on epitaph prefixed to last name of English poet (1573-1637) (2 wds.)

V. Frequently.

W. Governed or influenced by official red tape; pompous.

X. Hero of ballad in Scott's "Marmion" (sung by Lady Heron).

Y. Pertaining to the dawn or east.

Z. Absconded (2 wds.)

**WORDS**

127 10 27 65 167
178 102 106 115 44
30 89 93 55 74 169 15
3 95 114 180 99 36 75 157 122
49 23 94 111 25 105
138 164 39 73 51
79 151 124 66 104 7 34 58 110 71
45 139 20 159 166 119 8 68 168 87
181 32 149 158 21 148 67 87 113 101
163 77 90 22 126 6
56 91 28 13 161
172 85 152 179 24 147 83
171 156 16 116 43 57
118 62 17 26 78 150 135
52 175 112 40 117 143
177 46 120 33 144 134 160
129 60 4 92 100 41 108
9 29 69 162 145 130 128
136 165 76 141 42 125
48 2 70 103 88 107 154
59 176 146 98 170 72 14
18 81 1 35 131 12 61 58
155 54 173 86 121 31 84 96
38 11 64 123 82 50 132 140 158
133 174 137 19
47 5 97 63 109 142 80



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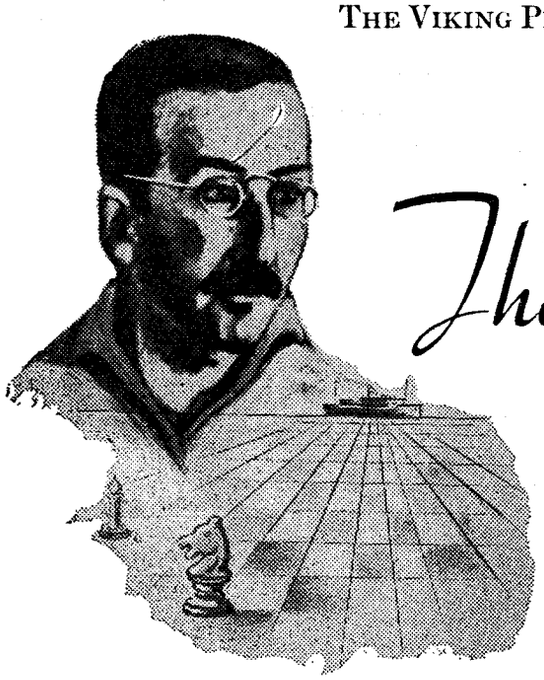

# *The* ROYAL GAME

**with AMOK and LETTER FROM AN UNKNOWN WOMAN**

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